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DAYBREAK.

[illegible]ness, when the night of woe
So deep on my spirit lies
[illegible]t I see no gladdening glow
In the whole broad sweep of skies,

A thought of you will gleam
Across my sight like a ray;
And the night has been but a dream,
For, lo! it is dawn—and day
—Clinton Scollard.

A FLOWER OF DEATH.

DEAR FRIEND MANSON—You have doubtless heard of my father's death and the terrible murder of my brother. My father left a rather peculiar will, and the sickness and death of his legal adviser still leaves affairs in an unsettled condition. If you will come to Upington and see that things are straightened out, as they should be, I will make it well worth your time. Yours, as of old, CLAUDE MORTIMER.

This note was received soon after my graduation from college by me, Frederick Manson, struggling lawyer, from my old college chum, Mortimer.

A few months after launching myself upon a legal career I had picked up a newspaper one day to see an account of the death of Enos Mortimer, who had been one of the prominent men of the state. Not more than three weeks after reading of the death of my old friend's father, I came across, in the same newspaper, an account of a mysterious murder. I was startled and horrified when I read the name of the murdered man. It was Victor Mortimer, Claude's brother. The person who committed the deed was unknown.

In response to the note I went.

There were tears in Claude's eyes when he took my hand, and his voice shook as he said:

"I am glad to see you, Manson, but sorry that our meeting is at a time so fraught with sorrow to me."

He looked twenty years older than when I saw him last. Dissipation had left its marks on his handsome face, and there was a very perceptible sprinkling of white in his hair. Under the hand of affliction, the old jolly light had died out of his eyes, which to me seemed to be strangely aversive and restless.

That evening as we sat in Claude's favorite room he told me the story of the murder. I did not ask him to do so, but of his own free will he told me of the terrible deed. His brother Victor had been alone in the mansion at the time that he fell the victim of an assassin. Claude had been with him that day, but had ridden away late in the afternoon, and had put up for the night at a small village, twelve miles away. In the morning he had continued on his journey, to be recalled by a message stating that his brother had been murdered.

He came back and found Victor dead, having been killed in the hall of his own house by a blow on the head with some heavy instrument, that had crushed his skull like an egg shell. The object of the murder was evidently robbery, for the dead man's pockets had been rifled. Detectives had been employed, and within a week's time some of the stolen valuables were found upon the body of an unknown man, who was discovered floating in a small pond twenty miles from the scene of the crime.

I listened to Claude's story in silence, refraining from asking any questions that might cause him greater suffering. He seemed disappointed by this, and for a long time dwelt upon the peculiarity of the murder, his absence from the place at the time of its occurrence, and the final discovery of the vagrant who undoubtedly committed the crime. He appeared very nervous, as if repressing an excitement that he did not wish observed.

After a time I succeeded in drawing his thoughts from the murder, and for an hour we talked of other things. During all the time that we had been in the room Claude's eyes had every now and then sought a distant corner. Finally I looked in that direction and perceived an immense flower pot full of earth, from which grew the stock of a large lily. The lily was in bloom, and at once attracted my attention.

"What a strange appearing flower!" I exclaimed, as I arose to examine it.

Claude sprang up and rushed past me.

"Yes, it is strange," he replied, with ill concealed excitement. "Don't touch it! I believe the thing is poison!"

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered, a little wildly. "A week ago it was almost snowy white; since then it has changed till it has become what you now see. At first I thought it was dying; now I do not know what to think."

I could not banish all thought of the strange flower from my mind at once, and that night I fell asleep thinking of it. All night long I was tortured by horrible dreams of murder and bloodshed, and in all my visions the lily figured prominently. I was very glad when morning came.

Enos Mortimer had left a will which cut off his son Claude with a dollar. All his property had been bequeathed to Victor, but he had stated in the will that at Victor's death the property should go to the next of kin. As Victor had died unmarried, "the next of kin" must be his only brother, Claude. I could see but little trouble in settling the affair quickly and easily, and could hardly comprehend why Claude had sent so far for me when legal service could have been obtained much nearer home.

Meantime I had moved my practice to Upington. I had discovered that there was a better field there, and at once availed myself of what seemed to be a good opening. Strange to say, Claude did not seem to approve of the step. He did not openly express his disapproval, still his manner spoke fully as plain as words. Nevertheless, we still remained friends.

Claude was utterly changed from his former jovial self. He had lost all his old jolly ways and seemed like a man haunted by a fearful memory. He was nervous and unsociable, and his former twinkling eyes seemed filled with a shifting, unsteady light. The lines upon his face grew deeper, and the white that tinged his hair grew more perceptible.

Strangely enough, after my removal to Upington my old friend did not ask me to call upon him; but I did not wait for an invitation. One day I called. I found him in his favorite room, and instinctively looked for the lily. A cry burst from my lips as I did so.

There in the corner stood the gruesome flower, looking stranger and more unnatural than when I first saw it. From a mixed black and white the cup of the flower had turned to a dull, dead black, and the tongue, which had been a dull red, was crimson, as if colored by pure life blood. Months had passed since I saw it last, still this was the same flower that I had seen before.

A peculiar feeling of fascination and horror seized me, and I advanced toward the lily. Claude Mortimer was there before me. He stood between the flower and me, his whole frame a-tremble.

"Don't touch it!" he gasped hoarsely. "It is accursed!"

"Let me look at it, Claude," I said, endeavoring to choke down the feeling of horror in my breast. "It is strange!"

With reluctance he stepped aside and allowed me to again inspect the flower, but all the while he cautioned me not to touch it or to inhale too much odor from the flower. The same sweet yet sickening odor came from the flower, but now it was many times stronger than before. Indeed, this odor was so strong that I was soon compelled to seek a chair, feeling faint and dizzy.

"I should think you would die, shut in here with that thing," I cried. "The odor is terrible!"

"Not so very bad after you get accustomed to it," he replied, hesitatingly. "Indeed, if you are not directly above it you will not notice the odor at all after a time."

"It is the strangest thing I ever saw or heard of," I declared. "It actually fills me with horror. Why, I should dump the thing out doors."

He shook his head, a look of alarm on his face.

"No, no," he cried. "I would not part with it for anything."

That day when I parted with Claude Mortimer I did so fully convinced that there was a terrible secret locked fast in the man's breast, and that in some way the black lily was connected with the secret. How this could be I could not imagine; yet something seemed to tell me that it was so.

From that day I shunned Claude Mortimer, for I felt that there was a dreadful stain upon his hands. Of this I had no proof; yet in an unexplained manner I was convinced that it was true.

Two months passed, and one night a terrible thunder storm passed over Upington. The morning came, bright and beautiful, and at an early hour Claude Mortimer's negro servant brought a sealed envelope to my door and delivered it into my hands. He said that his master had aroused him in the night and given him the envelope, with the request that he bring it to me the first thing in the morning.

With shaking hands and a strange presentiment that some terrible event had happened, I tore open the envelope. This is what I read:

"I am a murderer! I have resolved to make this confession to the world, and tomorrow I will be found dead in the room where I am now writing, while the thunder bellows in the heavens and the jagged lightning rends the darkness asunder. The brand of Cain is on my brow, for I slew my own brother. I will make the confession as brief as possible, and then comes—death! On the day preceding the fatal night when Victor Mortimer was murdered he and I quarreled concerning our father's will. In a rage I left the house and departed, mounted on the horse which was given me by my father some years ago. Twelve miles away I stopped for the night, putting up at a sleepy little hotel.

"When I retired to my room that night I sat at my window until all was still about the house. Then a terrible impulse seized me. Beneath my window was a low, sloping shed. With but little trouble I climbed out upon it and reached the ground. I had seen a horse feeding in a neighboring pasture, and by the aid of an occasional gleam of moonlight which stole through the clouds I succeeded in finding and capturing that horse. As I led him out of the pasture I noticed a long iron pin by which the gate was fastened. This I took with me. Within the hour I rung at the door of Mortimer Hall. There were no servants in the house at the time, and Victor came to the door. He asked who was there and I answered.

"Unsuspecting, he opened the door and I stepped in. He was holding a light in his hand. As he turned to close the door I struck him with the iron pin fairly on the back of the head, putting all the force I could into the blow. He fell dead at my feet! Then, in order to make it appear that the crime was committed by a robber, I took his jewelry and money. I hid the iron pin in a safe place, and on the horse's back fled away through the night like the crime-stained thing that I was.

"What followed is well known. I was recalled to the scene of my terrible crime. I played my part well, and no one suspected me.

"The iron pin with which I committed the murder troubled me the most. I feared that it would be found, and finally buried it in the very bottom of a large pot in which stood a lily in full bloom. Then I had the lily placed in my room, so that I might always stand guard over it. Two days later I noticed a change in the appearance of the flower. I thought it was dying, but it was not. Slowly it turned black, and the small tongue in the center became blood red. I watched the change with a feeling of horror that cannot be described. It seemed to me that the thing was trying to tell of my terrible crime. Hundreds of times I have been tempted to destroy it, but something always kept me from doing so. I hoped that it would die, but week after week, month after month, it stood there accusingly before my eyes.

"The odor which comes from the lily when inhaled from a distance is pleasant, but makes one deathly sick when breathed from just above it. I believe that enough of this will cause death, and to-night I shall test my belief. If this fails, I have a little vial of poison which will do the work. I am tired of life. I murdered my brother that I might obtain this grand estate, which I fancied had been unjustly given to him, and since then the curse of God has been upon me. My will will be found leaving the property to charitable institutions, and with a final petition to God to have mercy on my guilty soul, I write my name for the last time on earth.

"CLAUDE MORTIMER."

He was found quite dead on the floor beside the black lily, an untasted vial of poison grasped in his hand. The strange flower that had always stood erect drooped until it almost touched his white cheek, and from the crimson tongue a few scarlet drops, which looked like blood, had fallen upon his face. The iron pin was found in the pot, and the roots of the lily were tightly twined around it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Awful for Contemplation.

In all the annals of warfare and destruction there is no record of death so appalling, in proportion to the number of combatants engaged, as the death lists of the famous "Six Hundred" that charged at Balaklava. Two hundred and forty-seven men fell on the field; about 700 have died at different times and places since; of the survivors about one a week dies in the United States; every day or two a new tramp confesses to being one of them, and if something isn't done to stop it the death list of that gallant band will soon reach into the thousands. Nothing saves the organization from utter destruction but the wonderful recuperative powers of the survivors, who are increasing in numbers while retaining unimpaired the same age.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Chinese Clocks.

In manufacturing clocks for the world we run against peculiarities of national custom and language. The most marked is the clock we make for China. The dial is marked with characters in lieu of figures, and, I suppose, mean something to them. They don't to me. There are three circles of characters, the inner one having eight divisions, the next one twelve, and the outermost twenty-four. There are two hands, the shortest one making a revolution every two hours, while the long takes twenty-four hours to get around. But how they compute time by these is a Chinese puzzle.—Seth E. Thomas.

Dumley (who has just told a funny story)—Ha! ha! ha! not bad, eh?

Featherly—No, Dumley, not very bad; and you tell it so much better than you used to.—Harper's Magazine.

A test has been made in France to see whether the color of a horse had anything to do with his characteristics. It has been demonstrated that any such idea is all nonsense. Pedigree and early training have all to do with it, and color nothing whatever.

Unkind.

Miss Longout—My dear, how do you like my toilet?

Miss Sprightly—It is lovely, of course, darling; but don't you think that tulle and rosebuds are a—that is, should be worn only by those who are less——

Miss Longout—I see; you think the costume too youthful for a girl in her seventh season.

Miss Sprightly—Oh, no, dear; I was only going to suggest that moire antique would be so becoming to you.—America.

BENEFITS OF SWIMMING.

A PROFESSOR OF THE ART DESCRIBES ITS GOOD POINTS.

It Makes Society Belles Plump and Strong and Puts Muscle on the Legs and Arms of Delicate Young Men—Advice to People Who Think They Are Drowning.

In a well known athletic club up town half a dozen young men of stalwart build, while sitting at a round table, became interested in discussing the question of the best general training considered from the standpoint of hygiene. It was but natural that every athletic enthusiast should have his own theory. The baseball devotee advocated work in the gymnasium, the canoeist debated in favor of the paddle, the boxer desired to illustrate the superiority of gloves, an oarsman was ready to meet all comers with the sculls, an all round athlete was sure that a tour on the cinder track gave the best play to the muscles and lungs, a yachtsman declared that a sprinkle of salt water was highly conducive to health, and a bicyclist adhered to the theory that his machine kept him in perfect condition. Last to assert himself was a compactly built young man, who asserted that swimming was the best exercise from every point of view. The young man gave as his authority a swimmer who has had twenty-five years' experience as a general athlete. This athlete is Professor T. P. Donaldson.

"Of all the sports I have engaged in," said Professor Donaldson to the reporter, "swimming I believe to be the best for the health. For a dozen years and more swimming has been my only exercise, and, although I am engaged in a sedentary occupation in this town all winter, I am in pretty good condition. Feel my muscle."

The reporter, being invited, put his hand on Professor Donaldson's biceps and on his thigh. They were as hard as boards.

"I find that swimming is the best physician I ever had," continued Professor Donaldson. "I haven't had a doctor in ten years, and nothing is the matter with me. To what do I attribute my health? To salt water, in the first place. Did you ever observe the change that takes place in a society belle when she quits the round of dissipation and lives for a time at the seashore? The change can best be noticed by contrasting the young woman's appearance a few weeks after she has taken her daily plunge at the seashore with that of a woman who is fresh from the city. The woman who has bathed is vigorous and ruddy, while the new arrival is languid and pale. It may not be that the young woman who has bathed has gained all her muscle and plumpness by swimming. She has lain in the sand part of the afternoon, taken a hearty dinner, and slept well o' nights."

"Is swimming difficult to learn?"

"On the contrary, it is very easy. But one thing is necessary—confidence. There was a curious example of this in my experience. Not long ago I taught a walloping big fellow, who must have weighed 250 pounds. He learned in two lessons. One day he wanted to jump off from a pier 100 feet from shore and swim to land. I thought he could do it, and I let him try, but I jumped into the water with him. For a few yards he swam famously, and then suddenly he got something like stage fright. He spluttered and kicked, and the more he kicked the further he got from land. I was thoroughly frightened, but I didn't let him know it. I couldn't have handled him if he had given up, he was so big. His hair was tightly cropped so that I could not get hold of it. All I could do was to pat him on the shoulder and tell him he was all right, and then I put one hand under his chin to keep his head above water. He fell prostrate on the beach in a minute, utterly used up. If he had believed in himself he could have plowed along as well as I."

"Should swimmers eat before entering the water or after the bath?"

"Constitutions differ. There seems to be a notion prevalent that a bather should never go into the water before eating. While I would not advise bathers to eat immediately before going into the water, I believe, from observing thousands of men and from a quarter of a century's experience, that it is debilitating to bathe for any length of time with no food in the stomach. Capt. Webb used to eat a hearty meal shortly before going into the water. Of course, if you should eat a big, complicated dinner before bathing, you would suffer the consequences. The length of time a person can, with benefit to himself, remain in the water, depends on his constitution. One thing is certain; if he does not feel well after his dip, it is a sure sign that he needs a tonic, and in my opinion that tonic is continued sea bathing, taken moderately at first and increasing the dose. For many bathers it is better at first to take a quick dip and then lie in the sand for an hour or two, enjoying a sun bath. Afterward the tonic of a sea bath may be enjoyed for a longer time."

"What is the best course to pursue in aiding people who are drowning?"

"Grab 'em by the back hair and hold them at arm's length. I've noticed one thing about drowning people. When they are sinking the first time if they see you and they rise again they know where to grapple with you, and the result is you both go down together, with a strong probability that you will be drowned. It is my advice that if you go to rescue a drowning person you should swim around him and keep behind him so he won't see you when he comes up the second time. Another thing, when going to a person's rescue, try to gain his confidence. It is a fact that one finger placed under a swimmer's body will keep him afloat if you can only get him to believe it."

"What is the best time for bathing?"

"Before breakfast or late in the afternoon. A glass of milk or a small cup of coffee should be taken if the bath is to be just after rising, and a sharp run afterward and a brisk rub with a towel will be of benefit."

"In your twenty-five years' experience how many lives have you saved?"

"Strange to say only one, and that was the life of a boy who had fallen off a pier. I don't believe half the reported life saving is true. Jobs are put up by the savers."—New York Sun.

Sharp Teeth.

Yankees are ingenious, but they have not yet discovered everything. Mr. Eden describes an amusing trick of the Chinese fishermen in Australian waters, which it is doubtful whether any Cape Cod skipper would ever have thought of trying.

Before the net was dragged up I had noticed several curious black switches appearing above the surface. They puzzled me not a little until I discovered that they were the tails of "stingarees." These are large, flat fishes like the skate, with a prodigiously long tail armed near the base with three long, serrated spikes which they can raise or depress at pleasure.

The stingarees are very troublesome in a net, for if you haul slowly enough to give them time they fasten upon the bottom by suction, and it takes a cart horse to pull them off.

The Chinese managed them very cleverly at such times, however, getting hold of the end of the tail and biting it severely. The pain, I suppose, caused the fish to relax its hold, when a sudden jerk broke the spell.—Youth's Companion.

Why It Was Awful.

"Mary," said Miss Ponsonby to her maid, "you must really never again allow Fido to get on my bed."

"I've done my best to break him of the habit, ma'am," she replied, "for it's awful."

"I should say it was awful," returned Miss Ponsonby. "I just found a bedbug on the poor little thing."—The Epoch.

HANGING AS A REMEDY.

METHODS DESCRIBED BY ONE WHO IS HANGED TWICE A WEEK.

Stretching the Spine to Cure Nervous Diseases and Ataxia—The Discovery of the Benefits of Hanging—One Man Tried to Do It Alone and Lost His Life.

"So you have never heard of the hanging cure?" said a well known member of the diplomatic corps to us the other day. "You never heard of it! Really—I thought every one knew about the hanging cure." "What do you mean?" we asked in all innocence. "Hanging is a cure, certainly, but one somewhat too effective to be recommended to the ordinary patient." "Nonsense!" was the reply. "I mean the hanging cure as a remedy for nervous diseases especially, and ataxia." "No, I have never heard of it; tell me what you mean." And thereupon our visitor set forth his explanation of the new method of treatment, which is becoming exceedingly popular.

THE APPARATUS USED.

"It is a Russian invention, but it is coming into vogue chiefly through Dr. Charcot, of the Salpetriere. Its secret is this, that in certain maladies of the nervous system, especially those which bring about either semi-paralysis or incapacity to move the limbs, the mischief is due to the fact that your spinal cord gets 'crinkled up,' and in order to remedy the evil you must stretch your spinal cord."

"That is easier said than done; how can you stretch a man's spinal cord?"

"By hanging him," was the answer, "by hanging him in such a way as to cause the whole weight of the body to fall upon the spine as a means of strengthening the spinal marrow. It is very simple. I am hanged regularly twice a week, and the result in my case has been quite extraordinary. I do not suffer from ataxia, but I have a very inveterate nervous complaint, which has incapacitated me for active work for some time past. I am now almost completely well—at least, after a course of treatment at some baths in France I hope to be completely restored to my former health. For years I have suffered many things from many physicians, and all that they could do for me was to slightly alleviate the active irritation that was caused by overexciting the nervous system."

"But I thought hanging was not a remedy for that, but for ataxia?"

"Quite true; and when I went to the Salpetriere they were in very grave doubt as to whether they would subject me to the treatment, as my malady was at once declared to be overexcitement of the nerves. Nevertheless, they strung me up, and I experienced very great relief."

"Pray tell me how they string you up."

"This way," said the gentleman interviewed, producing a diagram of the hanging apparatus by which the patients are suspended in mid-air for the purpose of stretching their spinal cords. One part of this rests under the chin, the other under the back of the head. The patient is then hoisted off his feet and allowed to hang."

"How long do you hang?"

"At first not more than one minute. Afterward it is possible by practice to extend the period of suspension to as much as three or four minutes. I have never been able to hang more than two minutes at a time. Four minutes is the outside—no one has been known to hang longer than that, and I do not advise any one to try the experiment. One wretch who made an involuntary trial hanged himself in grim earnest. He was alone and found he could not lower himself at the right time. He remained hanging until the spinal cord snapped and he was found dead."

"Is it then so dangerous?"

"Very dangerous if you suspend yourself without another person in the room. Not at all dangerous if you are accompanied by a judicious and trustworthy friend. I am always hanged in the presence of my doctor, who takes care to lower me as soon as the suspension has lasted two minutes."

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

"What is the sensation?"

"The sensation is not difficult to imagine. If any one takes you by the chin and back of the neck and tries to pull your head off, you can form some conception of what your feelings are when the weight of your body is hanging upon the spinal column. At the end of a minute you experience a sensation of intense weariness, and when you are cut down, or lowered rather, to your feet you feel as if you had walked to the top of the Eiffel tower without resting. You are utterly exhausted, but that soon passes off and you experience an almost immediate relief. When I went to the Salpetriere I went with a young diplomatist who had been for three years helplessly paralyzed. He was driven to the door and carried in a chair up the steps into the operating room. He was duly hanged, and before I left Paris he was able to walk the whole way from his hotel to Dr. Charcot's. It was a remarkable cure, and there are many like it."

"How was the treatment found out?"

"It was partly by accident. An American doctor was in the habit of suspending his patients for the purpose of making a plaster cast in cases of curvature of the spine. From this they received great benefit, and his method was adopted in Russia by a doctor of the name of Motchowkoffski. One day he found that a patient of his whom he had suspended for the purpose of putting on this plaster cast had broken the cast, so that the benefit which manifestly resulted from his treatment could not be attributed to the cast. From this he inferred that the improvement was really due to the suspension. A few experiments soon satisfied him that this was the case, and he took to hanging his patients as a regular method of treatment. Dr. Charcot, hearing of the results that had followed from a Dr. Raymond, who had been on a medical mission to Russia, conducted a series of experiments in the Salpetriere and found that the treatment worked marvels. It is now adopted as a regular method of treatment at the Salpetriere, and nervous patients have experienced therefrom the greatest possible advantage. In no case has any injury to the patients followed its adoption. When I left the Salpetriere I took over with me the complete set of suspensory apparatus, and am now being hanged twice a week regularly in my own rooms. There is no reason why you should not have an apparatus erected in the office of The Pall Mall, in which you can stretch the spinal cords of all nervously irritable persons."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Church Growth.

A clergyman writing in The St. Louis Republic says: "In 1789, when Washington took the oath, there was one church member to every 14.5 of the population, which would give a total of 200,000. In 1889 there is one church member to every three of the population, that is, 20,000,000. A hundred years ago there were not Methodists enough in the whole country to make up a camp meeting; now they number more communicants than there were then people on the continent. A hundred years ago the Baptists were persecuted and banned in the north and in the south; today they are foremost in reputation and in adherents. A hundred years ago the Congregational churches in New England were a part of the state; their growth and influence are the result of their disestablishment. A hundred years ago the Episcopal church, which was discredited by its Tory learnings, and whose parsons were prohibited from drunkenness by statute, in this year of grace is, as becomes the church of Washington and Madison, a leader in good words and works. A hundred years ago the Presbyterian church was supported, measureably, by lotteries; these have long since disappeared as an orthodox source of revenue."

Addison on Advertising.

A paper in Addison's best vein covers the subject of advertising in all its bearings and is applicable to our time. "I consider advertisements," writes the master of English undefiled, "as accounts of news from the little world in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a sovereign prince is fled from his capital city, in the other we hear of a tradesman who has shut up his shop and run away * * * I must confess I have a certain weakness in my temper that is often very much affected by those little domestic occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy advertisement. But to consider the subject in its most ridiculous light, advertisements are of great use to the vulgar. First of all, they are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for The Gazetto may easily creep into the advertisements, by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running footman with an ambassador. An advertisement from Piccadilly goes down to posterity with an article from Madrid, and John Bartlett (a trussmaker of that day) is celebrated in the same paper with the emperor of Germany. Thus the fable tells us the wren mounted as high as the eagle by getting upon his back. A second use by which this sort of writings have been turned to of late years has been the management of controversy; the third and last use is to inform the world where they may be furnished with almost everything that is necessary for life. The great art in writing advertisements is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye, without which a good thing may pass unobserved or be lost among commissions of bankrupt. But the great skill in an advertiser is chiefly seen in the style of which he makes use."

Just Like the Girls.

A good story is told at the expense of one of the young fellows of the academy who conceived a strong liking for a bright eyed seminary girl. The lady teachers never permit boxes from home or elsewhere containing appetite tempters to be received by their fair charges. The young fellow I speak of evidently did not know of this rule, or else he had forgotten. At any rate, he sent his lady love a box containing a variety of dainties, cakes, pies and an assortment of confectionery that would have tempted the eyes of a connoisseur. Of course the box was intercepted by the argus eyed lady teachers, and good Miss McKeen seated herself to write the young man a note, at the same time informing the recipient of his favor that the box must be returned.

But, alas! The dear old lady knew not the wiles of those sweet girls, and while she penned her curt letter informing the young man—pointedly, we may believe—of the full enormity of his offense, the fair charges extricated the contents of the box, filled it up with old shoes, and did it up again with a skill that avoided detection, and, while the good lady principal was peacefully snoring in her bed that night, it is safe to assume that they did full justice to the good things so opportunely secured to them.

When the expressman brought that box back to the young man, it is safe to say, he was mad. He concluded, however, that it would be a shame to lose so many good things, and accordingly redirected it and sent it to a kind, older brother at college. Just what the elder brother's feelings were when he opened it is one of the things which a curious public has not yet been able to discover.—Andover Letter.

Fight the Calliope Made.

A very striking and inspiriting document is the captain's report, and bears remarkable testimony to the admirable order in which the whole complicated machinery of the Calliope was kept and the perfect discipline with which she was navigated. The staff engineer was called upon for every pound of steam he could give, and this power was kept up at the highest point from 9:30 a. m. to 8 p. m. Throughout this period the engines were moving the Calliope through a sea which flooded the decks, and even at this extreme power the ship made only a knot or so against the wind and sea. The captain could not tell in the thick atmosphere whether he was ten miles or ten yards from the reef. "I cannot speak too highly," writes Capt. Kane, "of the conduct of every officer and man on board the ship. During the hours we passed, when every moment might have been our last, every order was obeyed with alacrity and without confusion, and the way in which the engineer officers and stokers kept to their work is beyond all praise." And this, we must remember, was a machine of the most elaborate and delicate construction, in which the failure of a single detail might well have involved the total destruction of the whole. The working of the engines, the appliances for steering, the appliances for communicating orders, are all of a highly complex kind, and the calmness and presence of mind required in officers and men during this long tension of excitement were as essential to success as the strength and fine structural fit of the mechanical arrangements themselves. The Samoan hurricane has resulted in a good omen for the exploits of our new scientific navy.—The Spectator.

Half Incubated Eggs.

The increasing popularity of incubators is having a demoralizing effect on the egg trade. Eggs are so cheap for two-thirds of the year that up till recently few people took the trouble to keep any long enough to get stale. But now those who have incubators put all their eggs into them and buy dozens to make up the 200 or 300 necessary to fill their machines. At the end of the fourth day all the eggs are tested, and those that are not likely to yield chickens are easily detected. They are taken out and sold as "fresh" eggs. They are not altogether spoilt by their four days' sojourn in a temperature of 100 deg., but they have contracted a flavor which is the reverse of pleasant. The only way to obviate this smart scheme is to refuse to buy from any one who runs an incubator, but the trouble is to ascertain who has an artificial sitting hen and who has not.—St. Louis Grocer.

How Large Was Ancient Rome?

After carefully examining all the data we have, all the statements of the various ancient writers who allude to it, and all the facts which seem to bear on the question, I am convinced that in estimating the number at 4,000,000, I am rather understating than overstating it. It is much more probable that it was larger than that it was smaller. De Quincy also estimates the inhabitants of Rome at 4,000,000. I will only cite one fact, and then leave this question. The Circus Maximus was constructed to hold 250,000, or, according to Victor, at a later period probably, 385,000 spectators. Taking the smaller number, then, it would be 1 in 16 of all the inhabitants if there were 4,000,000. But as one-half the population was composed of slaves, who must be struck out of the spectators, when the circus was built there would be accommodation then for 1 in 8 of the total population, excluding slaves. Reducing again the number one-half by striking out the women, there would be room for 1 in 4. Again striking out the young children and the old men and the sick and impotent, you would have accommodation for nearly the whole population. Is it possible to believe that the Romans constructed a circus to hold the entire population of Rome capable of going to it?—for such must have been the case were there only 4,000,000 of inhabitants. But suppose there were only 1,000,000 inhabitants, it is plain from the mere figures that it would never have been possible to half fill the circus.—Blackwood's Magazine.

SHORTEST AND LONGEST.

The longest day is in June, they say;
The shortest in December.
They did not come to me that way;
The shortest I remember
You came a day with me to stay,
And filled my heart with laughter;
The longest day (you were away)
The very next day after.
—George Birdseye.

A Young Lady.

She was a pretty young lady, very charmingly dressed and personally particularly attractive. She was out at the park the other day and she got on a crowded car. She had a seat and several men were standing up. There came on to the car an old lady very poorly dressed. She looked frail and seemed tired. She looked around. Several very elegant dudes were seated around, but nobody made any movement to give up his place. Seeing this, the young lady of whom I spoke got up and gave the old lady her seat and stood up beside a dude decked in the very latest fashion plate style, who took a calm look at her and—kept his seat. Then a man sitting beyond him in the open car, who had just noticed her, got up, walked over the dude's knees and invited the young lady to take his seat. About all the dude expressed was an annoyance at being disturbed. This is not very much of a story, it is not a very dramatic situation, but it somehow means a great deal.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Hardness of Wood.

The relative hardness of woods is calculated by the hickory, which is the toughest. Estimating that at 100, we get for pignut hickory, 86; white oak, 84; white ash, 77; apple tree, 70; red oak, 69; white beech, 65; black walnut, 65; black birch, 62; yellow and black oak, 60; hard maple, 50; white elm, 58; red cedar, 56; cherry, 55; yellow pine, 53; chestnut, 52; yellow poplar, 51; butternut and white birch, 43, and white pine, 35. According to this formula, woods possessing a degree of hardness equal to only about 40 per cent. or less than that of hickory, should not be classed as hard woods. Such woods are, however, limited in quantity, and are not of sufficient importance to justify a classification, and the trade will continue to construe hard wood to mean everything except white pine.—New York Telegram.

The Busy Beetle.

A curious result of the work of a species of beetle was recently discovered in a house in Portland. Where two matched boards came together in the sheathing of a room, the rounded rib, about the size of a lead pencil, for a length of two feet and a half, had been replaced with what looked like a porous mass of fine sawdust, which was by some means so held together as to assume the exact shape of the original wood. Investigation with a penknife, at one end of this, revealed a small tunnel under the surface, filled with the same fine dust and about three inches long, at the end of which was a small and very active black beetle, busily engaged in literally eating his way through life, with an inexhaustible supply of food in front. The ant is not the only busy model of industry.—Lewiston Journal.

Not One of Them.

"Good morning, ma'am—good morning!" he saluted as he met a little woman face to face at the Central market.

"Good morning," she humbly replied.

"Well, have you concluded to accept my proposal?"

"I—I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Why, didn't I propose marriage to you last week and give you five days to think it over?"

"No, sir. I've been married ten years as it is."

"Ha! Excuse me. I thought you were one of them. Well, no harm done. Mistakes will happen, you know. Good morning."—Detroit Free Press.

She Dazed the Burglar.

"You can't tell what a woman will do in the case of a burglar." The speaker was an ex-police captain, and his eyes twinkled as he thought of the many stories told him by the victims of burglars and by the burglars themselves. "A burglar," he continued, "is lost when he gets rattled, and a woman in the case of a burglar raid is apt to do the unexpected thing, and in this way disconcert even the coolest professional. To the unprofessional who desires above all things to conceal his identity the impulsive woman is a holy terror.

"Not long ago it happened that the wife of one of our prominent physicians was alone on the parlor floor of her residence. The house had never been burglarized, and no one thought that it would be or could be. On the night in question the lady was awakened by sounds in the parlor, and calling out to ask who was there she heard retreating footsteps. Half awake and wholly under the influence of the thought that one of her servants or some member of the family was in the parlor, she jumped out of bed, and without a moment's hesitation started in pursuit, intent only on learning what was the matter. In the hall she came face to face with a strange man, and even then she was not wide awake enough to be afraid. The thought that the stranger was a burglar did not come to her until she had asked, in an anxious way, what was the matter.

The burglar, who, it was afterwards discovered, had made preparations to carry off the silver and certain other articles which he had collected, was so confused that he made a single exclamation, stepped to the front door, opened it and walked quickly away. He said afterward that the idea of a small, delicate faced woman following him up closely made him shiver, and when she spoke to him with the commonplace manner of one asking his welfare, his senses deserted him and there was nothing for him to do but to get out."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Cultivated Musk.

Artificial, or rather cultivated, musk, if we may believe what seems to be a very well authenticated statement, appears to be a thing of the near future. The announcement is made that at the laboratory of the Gesundheitsamt in Berlin a Japanese physician named Kitisato, a pupil of Koch, has isolated a microbe from an infusion of hay which has the property of producing a powerful odor of musk. The microbe can be cultivated in any of the nutrient media, but thrives best on the potato and the rice preparation. The cultures are at first reddish in color, afterward becoming rust or tile colored. When the cultures are exhausted with alcohol the latter possesses the odor of tincture of musk.—New York Telegram.

One Thousand Years Hence.

What will the man of the Twenty-ninth century—that is to say, just 1,000 years hence—be like? In what will he differ from ourselves? Will he be stronger or weaker, taller or shorter, more intellectual or less clever? Will his life be longer or less? Will he develop new powers and faculties, or will he, on the other hand, lose the use of and consequently by slow degrees cease to possess certain organs and senses?

To sum the whole matter up in a very few words, the future man (and woman) will be very much indeed like the present man (or woman). Probably slightly taller and more robust, certainly more healthy and consequently longer lived, having all the same organs and senses, only slightly if at all modified—much more learned and versed in arts and sciences, but to all intents and purposes so much like ourselves that if one of the Pharaohs, an Englishman of the Nineteenth century and our man of the future could meet, neither would excite surprise in or call for remark from the other.—Once a Week.

Row Over a Rat.

A crowd of boys gathered on Broad street, in Atlanta, a few days ago, the largest member of the gang holding a dead rat by the tail. "Ed," said he, turning to a little moke, "dat air Chinee man down dar on Mitchell street wants to buy a rat fur dinner; you kair dis yer one an' he'll gin you twenty cents fur him, an' I'll gin you ha'f er de money." "Gimme de rat." The rat's tail changed hands, and a moment later the little moke disappeared down the steps leading into the inner sanctum and shirt starching emporium of Harp Sing, a bias eyed heathen. "Boss, I got a rat for you. Gimme twenty cents an' de rat's yourn." The Chinaman's ire was aroused, and before the negro could escape his clammy hand clutched him in the collar, and a moment later, when Sergt. Cartright and Patrolman Burks, attracted by the negro's unearthly yells, appeared on the scene they found Harp Sing playing a tattoo on the boy's hide with a barrel stave. Both were carried to the police station and the register adorned with the names of Harp Sing and Ed Wells.—Atlanta Constitution.

Japanese Horticulture.

Japanese horticulture shows wonderful patience and a sort of ill directed skill. The object of the Japanese uyekiya, like that of his Chinese brother, but in a greater degree, is to deform, maim and cripple nature, as we see especially in the dwarfing of trees and shrubs—nanization, as Dr. Reim somewhat pedantically terms the process, which consists mainly in starving the plant and crippling the circulation of its juices. Kaempfer is quoted as describing a trio he once saw in a small box 1½ inches broad, 4 inches long and 6 inches deep, for which the price of £100 was asked. The three denizens of the box were a bamboo, a blossoming plum tree and a pine tree, perfectly formed, but in piccolo.—Athenæum.

What We Have Given Away.

During the last ten years Americans have contributed $20,000,000 to relieve suffering caused by disasters or epidemics. Not such a very bad record for a nation of money worshipers.—New York Tribune.

A Safe Hiding Place.

Wife—Where shall we hide the silver while we are away?

Husband—Put it in the pockets of your dresses in the closet.—Harper's Bazar.

Locomotives Run by Soda.

Four locomotives to be run by soda, which takes the place of fire under the boiler, have been built for service in the streets of Minneapolis, Minn., where steam engines are forbidden. The engine is about sixteen feet long, entirely boxed in, with no smoke stack or pipes, as there is no exhaust or refuse. Inside the boiler will be placed five tons of soda, which, upon being damped by a jet of steam, produces an intense heat. In about six hours the soda is thoroughly saturated, when the action ceases. A stream of superheated steam from a stationary boiler is then forced through the soda, which drives out the moisture and the soda is ready for use again.

The exhaust steam from the cylinders is used to saturate the soda, and by this means all the refuse is used. These engines are the first of their kind that have been built in this country. They are said to have the same power as those used on the New York elevated roads. Soda engines are used in Berlin and other European cities and they also traverse the St. Gothard tunnel under the Alps, where sufficient ventilation cannot be had to carry off the noxious gases which would be generated by a steam engine.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

About the Teeth.

A physician remarked to me, the other day, that he did not suppose that 1 per cent. of the dentistry is being done that should be. He attributed the cause to ignorance, and wondered if in time the press would not be used as a means of educating the public to the importance of dentistry. One source of a great deal of suffering among children of parents who desire to save the teeth of the rising generation is the ignorance regarding the cutting of the second or permanent set. The first teeth of the permanent set to erupt are the first, or six year molars, which take their places back of the last molars of the first, or milk set. These teeth are more subject to decay than any others, and they are also very important, as they do the principal part of the mastication between the sixth and twelfth years. Parents frequently mistake these teeth for members of the milk set, hence neglect them, thinking that when they are lost new ones will take their places. Another source of suffering is the neglect of the milk set.

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

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THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1889.

Horseback Riding for Health.

Dr. David N. Patterson contributes to the July Outing a paper on horseback riding which has some points of real interest. He says that for both men and women who are closely confined indoors by sedentary pursuits there is no form of exercise which imparts tone and energy to the whole physical system and at the same time gives such a wide range of mental enjoyment as horseback riding.

A rider must have a genuine affection for his horse. From horse to rider in this case flows a steady current of fine magnetism. "The horse is a regular battery for the generation of animal electricity." A horse must be comfortably saddled and bridled; his nervous, sensitive mouth must be at ease. His rider's weight must be adapted to him. Dr. Patterson remarks:

With these few suggestions properly attended to, together with such others as may be prompted by experience, a five or ten mile ride on a clear summer morning cannot fail to prove an inestimable blessing.

For invalids, too, horseback riding is invaluable. It will bring rest and healing to the anxious, the overtaxed and broken down. It often cures consumption in the earlier stages. If you are getting too fat, the good daily shaking up will bring your weight down. If you are too thin, and nerveless and declining, it will tone you up and make your muscles firm and plump. If you suffer from insomnia, it will make you sleep. If you have dyspepsia, a ten mile ride will make you feel as if you could eat nails.

Best of all, it takes you into the sweet, open country. Finally:

That horseback riding is conducive to the elevation of good morals and the development of the "small, sweet courtesies of life" is evident to even the most casual observer. The exercise imparts a healthy tone of mind and spirit, together with a manliness and simplicity of manners. It is very rare to find a good horseman who is churlish and lacking in that delicate and instinctive appreciation of the feelings of others.

Tenement House Life.

The population of New York city is now over 1,500,000. Of this great mass of people nearly 1,100,000 live in tenement houses. A tenement house is classed as one that contains over twenty inhabitants. Of the 400,000 who live outside the tenement houses, by far the larger part live in boarding houses and in the high class flats and apartments that are not classed with the tenement houses. Subtracting these, there remains only a very small number of families indeed who occupy a house to themselves. Rents and real estate are so high one must be almost a millionaire to have a whole house.

In the tenement buildings dens have been found in which human beings live twenty-two in a room. This is especially true of the Italian quarter. In several of the streets of the east side of the city it is literally and absolutely impossible to pass along the sidewalks early in the summer evening without pushing children and women aside. Human beings are packed together even on the sidewalks. A reeking smell strikes the nostrils as one passes the corners of these streets.

As New York city is already, so the other large cities of the Union are becoming with respect to the tenement system. Murder, death, crime, suicide and pestilence have their feeding ground and breeding places here. Not a day passes but some desperate deed is recorded. Even in several of the smaller cities it is dangerous to pass along certain streets in the evening unaccompanied by a policeman. These streets are always the ones on which the pestilential tenement house is situated. If the railway companies and philanthropists could only devise some plan of thinning out these seething masses of humanity and breaking up the hotbeds of crime, what a blessing to civilization it would be.

Several large parties of American school teachers, numbering nearly a thousand women and men, are in Europe this summer enjoying their vacation. They are from all parts of the Union, south as well as north and west. The good wishes of millions of their fellow countrymen, large and small, go with them. They have earned their vacation bravely and well, and the millions hope they will come back to school full of fresh, electric life and new ideas. For the hope of the country rests with the teachers. And we are glad America pays her teachers well enough for them to take this little outing over seas.

The soldiers at the United States forts are hereafter to utilize their idle time breeding and rearing fish for the United States fish commission. This is a step upward from blacking officers' boots.

Governor Fitzhugh Lee, who is so courteous to women and who rides horseback so handsomely, is to be president of the Lexington, Va., Military Institute when his term is out in 1890

The cork helmet, such as is worn in tropical countries, is the lightest and most comfortable head covering for men in hot weather. But where is the man who is strong minded enough to wear it?

Herr Johann Most, the fiery hearted, fiery haired Anarchist leader of New York, changed the day for a great reunion of his followers from Sunday to Saturday recently. The reason was that beer could not be sold at the meeting on Sunday. The essential connection between beer and anarchy Herr Most can probably explain better than anybody else

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However her numbers may climb into the millions, Chicago can never be a first class city till she purifies the Chicago river, which, in the shape of a Y, lies stagnant within her borders. A Tribune reporter who went recently to interview the foul body of water declares that the stench along its banks is thick enough to be used as a foundation stone, even in Chicago.

A Word to Writers.

When you set out to write for newspapers, don't begin "Tradition tells us," or "History records." Don't do it. Or if you must start in that way, tell us what Sardanapalus and Tiglath Pileser did for about three pages; then, after you've got it all written, tear off those three pages, and you will find what is left will make an excellent beginning for your article.

Some people's brains seem lumbering and stiff in the joints, and they have to begin with "Tradition tells us," and go on that way till they get limbered out and in training for the real fight with their subject. But they ought in no case to put this brain gymnastics off on the public for the genuine stuff.

No! Plunge directly into your subject. Tackle it, say plainly and in short words what you had in your mind to say, then stop. Probably half the essayists in our magazines and quarterlies have the execrable habit of consuming a third of their space before they get a good ready to say what they wanted to say. The editor who understands his business will cut all this preliminary flourish out, mercilessly. It weakens a really good article always.

For the rest, be sure you have a clear, sharp idea in your mind of what you want to say. Then say it in the fewest, simplest words that will fully express your thought. Then go over it and strike out every sentence and every word that can be spared. Then it is ready for the printer. As to style, that will take care of itself.

O Shah!

It is said that the easiest way to house-clean a palace in which his dark skinned majesty, the shah of Persia, has been been visiting, is to set fire to it and burn it down. It is furthermore said that when he has had enough of any course at a grand dinner he hurls the remains of it, dish and all, under the table. There is nothing small about the shah of Persia. He scorns to use a piece of tableware the second time, it seems. But this pleasing custom of his plays havoc with the ancestral china, with its coat of arms, which has been for so long among the most costly treasures of the dukes and earls and "markisses" of the British nobility.

Nevertheless, go it, Nasr-ed-Din! Shock the stony, staring British matron to the marrow of her bones. It will do her good.

"I am aware already that one horse can travel faster than another," said his majesty, with great dignity, when invited to witness a horse race. He thought an attempt was to be made to teach him something, and resented it accordingly. There was only thing that did astonish him in the whole round of entertainments the royalties of Europe prepared for him. This, with gentle pride we mention it, was the whistling of that jolly and pretty American woman, Alice Shaw. No wonder! Alice Shaw could whistle a scowl off the brow of Olympian Jove himself.

But it is on the woman question that this original and independent thinker comes out strongest. When he visited Europe ten years ago he said confidentially to Emperor William at Berlin one day: "Why don't you send away that ugly old Augusta and get a young and pretty wife?" Fancy the old emperor's feelings! "Get me another lot of women, I've seen all these before," Nasr-ed-Din remarked the other day to the Prince of Wales, who had invited the same princesses and duchesses to meet him the second time. Being introduced to one of them, he told her bluntly that she was "too old."

Finally, when he is dressed in his best togs, his majesty is worth over a million dollars as he stands, owing to the gorgeous jewels he plasters all over himself. Success to you, Nasr-ed-Din!

The magnetizing of watches by the numerous electric currents in cities is becoming a serious nuisance. Inventive genius is at work devising methods to obviate the trouble. One set of inventors are striving for methods to demagnetize a watch. This can be done by the same agency, electricity. Others are endeavoring to construct a watch which shall be non-magnetic.

The National Retail Shoe Dealers' association discussed at its last meeting, among other things, the question of how best to promote the honesty of employes. They reached at last the admirable conclusion that employes could best be made honest "by adequate wages and a good example of honesty and diligence in business." Nothing could be better.

The late Mrs. John Tyler was a very brilliant and beautiful woman, charming to her latest day. She was a New York girl, not yet 20, and the president was thirty-five years older when he fell in love with her. She would not marry him at first, and must therefore go on record as one woman who refused the hand of a president. She thought better of it afterwards, however, and took him.

Too Much Piano.

Professor Waetzoldt, of Berlin, has discovered that girls practice piano playing far more than is good for their health. Professor Waetzoldt should be enshrined as a benefactor of the race by all city people in their thin walled houses. He says only 10 per cent. of the girls who drum pianos have any talent for music. The others are forced to drum at the expense of their own and other people's nervous systems, often injuring their health seriously. Practice should not be begun till the twelfth year. It is not necessary that the world should have feeble, mechanical pianists, but it is necessary that our girls should be healthy in brain and body. When any part of a girl's education has to be given up on account of her health the professor recommends that it be the piano, in which the rest of the world will agree with him.

The New Catholic University.

March 7 Pope Leo XIII gave definite authority for the establishing of a great Roman Catholic university in the United States. It will be called the University of Washington. The ancient Catholic college at Georgetown will be supplemented by a course of higher studies, particularly in theology and kindred topics.

The new university will be open to students next November. The archbishop of Baltimore will be ex-officio chancellor. Students who have finished the course of instruction in other Catholic colleges in good standing in the country will be permitted to enter the institution at Washington without examination.

Bishop Keane is rector of the new university. A spacious building for its accommodation is now nearly completed. Bishop Keane made a careful inspection of the universities of Europe, getting ideas for the American one. It is his judgment that the German rather than the English model for a great seat of learning should be followed. The German model embraces the gymnasium and the school.

There will be special departments for professional careers, and it will be permitted to take up a particular study and pursue it. But, especially, there will be afforded to the priesthood, young and old, opportunity for a wide post-graduate course. The fosterers of the university wish to aid in giving to the world distinguished American scholars, by offering a field of "deeper study, of broader, higher learning."

The Oldest Persons Living.

Is human life really lengthening? Near Washington C. H., in Ohio, lives Margaret Arnold, a woman 112 years old. She was born near Richmond, Va., the year after the Declaration of Independence was signed. She smoked a pipe for seventy years and then gave it up, because she could not smoke any more, for some reason. She is a little old woman, five feet two inches in height and weighs 110 pounds. Mrs Arnold eats whatever she likes and never was ill in her life. She has been a widow fifty years, which is a good while, certainly, and Mrs. Arnold would merit the sincere approbation of St. Paul. Her last work was done three years ago, when she knit a pair of stockings. The way to keep young is to keep working.

The old lady has three sisters and a brother, all over 100. One sister is 115. Their ages are as follows:

Elizabeth Hilliard	115
Margaret Arnold	112
Susan Bailey	109
William Kiser	104
Total number of years	440
Average age	110

But the oldest person now living is probably a mulatto man in Lynn, Mass. Of course there are no documents to back up his claim, but as nearly as can be judged by circumstances he is as old as he represents himself to be—125 years. His name is William Roach, and he was born in Nova Scotia. He remembers the Boston tea party, he says. He heard the people of Annapolis, N. S., talking of it. Roach spent many years of his life on the sea. He bought a little cottage in Lynn with his earnings. This he promised to deed to Robert Brown, a hale colored man of 88, if Brown would take care of him the rest of his life. That was twenty-two years ago. Brown is now 90 years old himself and shows signs of getting old, but old Roach is still as spry as a cricket and does not weaken in the least. Mentally and physically he is in as good condition as ordinary men at seventy. His hair hangs in long black ringlets to his shoulders. Roach can neither read nor write, therefore has no need for spectacles. Since he was 15 he has been a tobacco chewer. How much older he might have been if he had never used tobacco Mrs. Partington alone would be able to tell.

The most interesting aged person now living, however, is probably Nagy Ferencz, a soldier of the wars of Napoleon, 121 years old. He is a Hungarian peasant, resident at Barcs, and his birth is duly recorded and certified.

Like old Roach, Nagy Ferencz cannot read or write, but his memory is, therefore, all the keener, his tongue all the glibber. He can tell personal anecdotes of many distinguished people who lived 100 years ago. The event of which he speaks with the deepest reverence was the burial of his beloved sovereign, the great empress-queen, Maria Theresa. He was present in person at her funeral, which occurred in 1780. He has all his wits about him, and is constantly on his feet, visiting a round of friends.

Nagy is certainly the oldest old bachelor now living, never having been married. How much experience he has missed, to be sure!

The old, reliable Evening Post has been stirring up several of its New York neighbors on the amount of space they devoted to the prize fight. It has counted up out of its own head and found that during a period covering two weeks before the fight and two days after it The World gave 48 columns all told, The Sun 40 and The Herald 35 to the affair.

The Post then asks the said papers why they continue to treat the winning bully as a popular hero, instead of the low, drunken bully he is. The fact is, perhaps on athletic grounds, but fact anyhow, that a good many more people took an interest in that prize fight than were willing to own it. For instance, it is said that the editor of a well known evening paper in New York editorially hoped that the "wild beasts would get the full extent of the law," the evening before the fight, and next morning was down town early, asking eagerly and excitedly whether Sullivan was whipping the other fellow.

Early in the days of the present administration a colored man was appointed stenographer in one of the departments at Washington. Immediately thereupon the whole army of colored messengers at the capital began to study stenography. They are diving deeply and intently into the science of dots and pot hooks. Each hopes that in time he, too, may be an official stenographer. Colored employes in the Pennsylvania Railroad company are studying so hard that it is said the officers whose messengers they are do errands themselves rather than disturb these earnest seekers after shorthand knowledge. An usher in the Pennsylvania general offices has made an invention which, he says, will allow cable street cars to cross other cable car tracks at intersecting streets.

Toothpicks and their manufacturers are alike way down in the mouth on account of the low price of the former. Can it be that the American nation is at last wrenching itself from its beloved toothpick? Can it be we are growing æsthetic, and at last recognize that it isn't pretty to pick one's teeth in public; that it is, in short, abominable? If so, what now will become of those who are wont to gouge the insides of their heads out at hotel tables for the edification of their weak nerved neighbors opposite?

A Bismarckian Measure.

Mention has been made of Bismarck's favorite plan for abolishing pauperism in the German empire. The plan is downright state socialism, pure and simple. It originates with Bismarck himself, however, and not with some poor, half starved, long haired creature, out at elbows and hunted of men, and that makes all the difference in the world.

The chancellor's system for abolishing the poor consists of three different laws, the last of which has passed the reichstag.

In 1883 a law was enacted providing for the insurance of the workingman against sickness. During health a small sum, amounting to 1½ or 2 per cent. of his wages, is required by law to be paid into the sick fund. His employer is obliged to pay one-third of the sum. During illness the workingman receives half pay for a term not exceeding thirteen weeks. If he goes to the hospital his family receive half his allowance.

The next step on the road to state socialism was an accident insurance law, enacted in 1884. Its operation extends to sailors, tillers of the soil and to workmen in the building trades. Employers must pay all of the guarantee fund in accident insurance. The workman who is entirely disabled by accident receives as a pension two-thirds of his regular pay and a proportional sum for partial disablement. If he is killed his widow receives as pension 20 per cent. of his wages and each child 15 per cent., up to 60 per cent., which is the limit. A man's fellow workmen are the jury to pass on the amount of injury he has received. It will have a tendency to make employers careful of those in their hire.

The third and last law is the old age insurance act. It goes into operation in 1891. Under its provisions all Germans, male and female, above 16 years old, who work for wages, must pay regularly into a state insurance fund to take care of them when they are too old to labor or become invalid. Employers pay half the sum required for this fund and employes half. The payments are very small, being from 3 to 7½ cents a week. From these insignificant sums will be secured pensions ranging from $15 to $91. The state adds in each case $10 a year to the pension. The government pays the insurance of men while they are in military service.

In a free republic, where working people get good wages, why can they not do for themselves what Bismarck and the government are doing for the laboring classes in Germany?

The Butler Idea.

At Colby university, Maine, Gen. B. F. Butler made a commencement address which is still marching on. The general's leading idea was a federation of all English speaking peoples. His idea, he thought, would abolish poverty in the federation, and would put an end to all disputes and wars therein. The alliance could rule the world. He believed in the union of Canada and the United States, but Canada must come to us of her own free choice. There was one thing he thought would start the grand movement towards the federation, and that was free trade among all the nations named. First let there be free trade between the United States and Canada. Then let these two countries take Great Britain into the alliance. Then it would be the Anglo-Saxon against the world.

Foreigners in America.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says:

It is clearly evident that national sentiment is opposed to the naturalization of foreigners by the loose and speedy methods which now prevail. It is the firm conviction of the people of the Union that a long term of residence in this country must be required before the alien born can be fully clothed with the garb of American citizenship. Time must be given to develop a patriotic spirit in the man that knocks at our doors for admission into the national household; there must be no Irish-Americans, no German-Americans, no British-Americans, no Swedish-Americans, but plain, simple, every day Americans.

It must arouse the anger of every true son of the nation to witness the horde of aliens—aliens to the very spirit of our institutions—who crowd our shores year after year, eager to wrest from America sufficient wealth to enable them to return to their respective climes, and there end their days unwrapped in their native flag. To such as these our laws will not long extend a welcome. We have tasted the bitter fruits of indiscriminate immigration and the country is ripe for a policy of restriction. Those who will be welcomed will be those only who fuse with the American spirit; who burn their native bridges behind them when they come upon American soil.

In New York city there are 215 good class hotels. They accommodate ordinarily 40,000 persons. If crowded they can stow away 75,000. The boarding and lodging houses of the city can accommodate twice as many more. These facts are urged in favor of New York as the site of the American world's fair in 1892. Buildings can be erected in one of the parks, it is said, and New York has never had a great international exposition as yet.

The Boston Herald believes that the time is very near when the steam railroad companies will build electric car tracks two or three miles out into the country from their suburban stations. These will enable working people to scatter out of the tenement houses into the country along the lines of the electric street cars. They can reach the station by the electric car, and the city and their work by the steam car.

More laurels for America. Buffalo Bill has been engaged by the French government to teach 100 officers of cavalry to ride American style. Col. Cody is about the most graceful horseback rider alive.

There seems to be a fatality in the name of Johnstown. New York as well as Pennsylvania must hereafter connect the name with disaster.

The New York Press suggests that if France cannot keep the widow of Jean Francois Millet from starving, somebody should pay her fare to New York and then have a place as assistant in the Metropolitan museum in Central park given to her.

The late Mr. Lick left $180,000 to build an Academy of Sciences in San Francisco. The spacious and beautiful edifice for this purpose is now nearly completed. It is 80 feet wide and 195 feet deep.

Professor Carl Vignal claims to be the inventor of an air ship which can be successfully driven and steered by means of a screw propeller.

The Tammany Hall organization is a century old this summer.

WHY NOT GO TO NEBRASKA?—A short time ago there appeared in the State Journal of Lincoln, Neb., a now somewhat famous article on the "Claims of Nebraska," from the pen of a well-known agricultural writer. In it were the following remarkable statements: "The average growing season is forty seven days longer in Nebraska than in Central Dakota and fifty-four days longer than in North Dakota, including the best portion of the Red River Valley, on both sides of the river. * * There is not an important crop raised in the West, the average yield of which to the acre is not higher in Nebraska than it is in Kansas." The writer further states that "considering the well known partiality of the average American farmer for corn land," it is inconceivable that Nebraska would not have been selected by a larger proportion of the emigration to the West had the advantages of a State been understood, "whose corn crops average a larger yield per acre than those of any other of the great corn producing States, show a larger number of bushels per capita, either of those employed in raising them or of the entire population of the State, than those of any other State or Territory, and most of all, have a larger percentage of a merchantable standard than have the crops of even the foremost of its rivals."

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent of the entire railroad mileage of Montana spans the Territory with its main line from east to west; is the only short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the center of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colors.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

—The law forbidding the sale of cigarettes to boys is apparently as much of a failure in Pennsylvania as it has been in New York. No attempt has been made to enforce the law and the small boy obtains all the cigarettes he wants. Some other way must be devised of suppressing this vile nuisance.

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*FORCED TO LEAVE HOME.—Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large size package 50 cents.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the spring and summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit: and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

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*100 LADIES WANTED, and 100 men to call on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large-size package, 50 cents. At all druggists.

Strictly Pure Spices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circulars.

Wooden tooth-picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Paints—ready-mixed—$1 a gallon, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Paint Brushes of every size and price, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary, and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

—THEY COULD NOT AGREE.—War in the ranks of the Wall Paper Manufacturers has caused a drop in prices unprecedented. We get this information from the Fidelity Wall Paper Company, of No. 12 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, who have decided to give the advantage of this reduction. They are selling some very handsome gold papers at twelve and fifteen cents.

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses of every size and numerous designs, at much lower than Philadelphia prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

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*Moffat's Life Pills, Page's Climax Salve, and Moffat's Phœnix Bitters, form a complete Family Medicine Chest. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, July 15, 1889

If your buying thought is Dress Goods, write to us stating the kind of fabric you have in mind, or the purpose for which you desire to use it, with the price you wish to pay, and we will promptly place in your hands samples of the best we can supply at the price. That should mean the best anywhere, for the Wanamaker stock of Dress Goods is the largest and best selected we know of in the world. If you do not know the technical name of the goods, no matter: tell us how they look to your eyes, or how you suppose they look, and we will find them.

Just so of anything else; settle on what you want, as near as may be, and write for it.

Sporting things,
Fishing tackle,
Furnishing goods,
Toilet articles,
Millinery fixings,
Books of every sort,

and the thousand other things for home use or wear or house decorating that we have a store full of.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

The largest cotton mill in the world is in Russia, at Kranholm. A waterfall in the river Marowa, equal to 6,300 horse power, drives 340,000 spindles and 2,300 looms. Seven thousand persons are employed in the mill. It will surprise no one to hear that the managers of this gigantic establishment are Englishmen.

Dr. Andrew D White, ex-president of Cornell university, lays before the country the plan of a gigantic university at Washington, which should stand at the head of high education in this country and be on a level with Oxford and Cambridge and the great German universities, yet different from them. The faculty would be a board of trustees and examiners, who would encourage original research. They would examine scholars in different departments of education and then give them money to support them while they devoted themselves entirely to investigation in their separate branches. Several million dollars will be required for Dr. White's project.

Eight years ago in Portland, Me., a little organization was formed called the Society for Christian Endeavor. Its aim was to make professing Christians become active workers for good among their fellow men, inculcating by example as well as precept the ways of purity, peace and good will. They depended largely on the weekly prayer meeting to foster the spirit of love and holy living. The society now has half a million members in different parts of the Union, and has just held its annual convention in Philadelphia. Members take a pledge to attend prayer meeting every week and take some part in it, praying or speaking. They also pledge themselves to daily prayer, Bible reading and Christian life. The movement is said to be filling the churches with enthusiasm.

Peace, Troubled Souls!

To the live citizen in the actual swirl of life, nothing is more amusing than the doleful, pessimistic lucubrations of college professors and presidents who sit in their easy chairs in shaded scholastic bowers and know about as much as a kitten of the real, throbbing world about them. A college president knows perhaps how to discipline giddy young men, though he is not always successful in that, and a college professor knows about Greek roots and Euclid. But when they come up smiling every summer and tell us regularly that the world is going to the dogs, we beg to submit respectfully that they don't know anything about it. Students under them catch their cue, and orate in the same dismal tones. Now, we are not going to ruin. There are statesmen also in these days. And there are as many honest, unselfish, kindly people as there ever were.

A Worthy American Work.

The first three numbers have appeared of the new "Century Dictionary, an Encyclopedic Lexicon of the English Language." This magnificent work has been in progress a number of years. No one person could make a dictionary in our time. The learning required would be too vast to be attained in one life, such is the differentiation of knowledge in our age. The work of preparing the words in the Century Dictionary has been given out to experts in all the special departments, as law, theology, etc. The scientific terms have been put into the hands of Professor Elliott Cones, of Washington. The principal editor is Professor William Dwight Whitney.

The most important feature of these volumes is that they will be not only a mere dictionary defining terms, but an encyclopedia describing and explaining etymologically, historically and otherwise.

There are are now in the English language 200,000 words. It grows at the rate of several thousand a year. Certainly the person does not live who knows the meaning of all the words in the English language. Besides new words, new meanings and changed meanings are continually being added to the same word. Take the word "cable." Webster or Worcester would not have known what was meant if one had spoken to them of a submarine cable or a cablegram, or of cabling a message. Simply the application of electricity to the industries, and that chiefly in the last twenty years, has added several chapters to encyclopedic lexicography.

It is matter of pride and pleasure to Americans that we have in our own country the necessary ability and scholarship to carry through to the end a work of such importance as the Century Dictionary.

Miscellaneous

Smithie C. Shortlidge's Media Academy.

Near Philadelphia.
School Opens Sept. 19th.
Yearly Expense, $500.
Quarterly Pay'ts, $125.

Admits and classifies young men and boys at any time; fits them for Business, any College, Polytechnic School, for West Point or Annapolis. Advanced classes in Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Electrical or Civil Engineering, Classics, Mathematics, etc. One of the best equipped and best managed Schools. All students board with the Principal. Teachers all men and graduates of first class Colleges. Fine buildings, single or double rooms. Every room has in it a steam radiator and is completely furnished. Grounds (ten acres) for foot-ball, base-ball, athletics, etc. Gymnasium. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Private tutoring and special drill for backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or a Business, College Preparatory, Electrical or Civil Engineering course. Physical and Chemical Laboratory. Practical Business Department with Telegraphy, Short-hand, Type-writing, etc., etc. More fully supplied with apparatus than any other College fitting School. Media Academy affords every home comfort, the best education, and the best training. Fixed prices cover every expense. No examinations for admission. New illustrated catalogue sent free to any address. SMITHIE C. SHORTLIDGE, A.B., A.M. (Harvard Graduate), Principal and Proprietor, Media, Pa. Circulars at this office.

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Provisions, Fruits, Nuts, Etc:
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Prices will compare with other Stores.
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NEW MEAT MARKET,
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Next to Comforts', where will be found the best BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL and POULTRY.
Garden Vegetables in season.
YOUR TRADE IS SOLICITED.

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A DISTINCTIVE PLACE OF ITS OWN.
Amélie Rives, Edgar Saltus, John Habberton, Edgar Fawcett, Captain Charles King, U.S.A., Grace King, M. Elliott Seawell, Selina Dolaro, Maurice Barrymore, Galdo, and many others will contribute to its pages for 1889. For full prospectus, address Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia. 25 cents single number. $2.00 per year. Send for sample copy.

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The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1844.)
By the present proprietor.
A large stock of first class
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.
Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.
☞Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.
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Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
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Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's
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These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.
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"CIGARROS", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.
Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S. WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LAALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.
NORTH STAR,
And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.
"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY," The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.
"THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.
"DELICIOSO." Seed and Havana, Connecth ut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.
Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.
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Cor. Washington and Canal streets.
BRISTOL, PA.,
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Burton's Stage Line
CONTINUES TO BE WELL PATRONIZED
It meets all trains at the P. R. R. Station, and the 6 and 8 o'clock boat, and will carry passengers to all parts of the town. Orders left at the Telephone office, Depot, or at the Stables on Wood street, near Mill, will receive attention.
JOSEPH BURTON.

A Fortune at one Swoop.
A $30,000 FARM OF 300 ACRES, FOR LESS than half value. 100 acres blue grass pasture, 170 plow and meadow land, 30 acres timber all well fenced, lies well, grow anything. Water in all fields, immense beds coal, lime, iron and fire clay. Fine residence, two tenant houses, two good painted barns, everything else needed. We keep 100 head stock, have no help. Determined to sell or give away. One mile from railroad, in town of Sligo, Clarion County, Pa.
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The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1889.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—The Bristol base ball team play the Burlingtons this afternoon.

—The Bristols beat the Lambertville club last Thursday. The score, 7 to 3.

—William Kinsey sold at public sale, on Tuesday, six shares of Bristol Improvement Co. stock at $47 per share. Nathan Tyler was the purchaser.

—Some of the teachers of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, with their classes, had a pleasant picnic on the banks of the Delaware above Bristol yesterday.

—Buckley street is being put in repair by Council. Large quantities of stone are laid upon the stre t and gravel thrown over them.

—A collection amounting to $120 was taken up in the M. E. church last Sunday for the repainting and refurnishing of the audience room.

—The Doylestown club have agreed to play a game with the Bristols. These two clubs are the best in the county, and an interesting game is expected.

—The Inquirer of Wednesday says, that Maurice Keating, of Bristol, will be slated as Usher at the Executive Mansion. A pretty good position too, we understand.

—The annual picnic of St. Paul's Mission Sunday-school will be held on Saturday afternoon next, from 4 to 7 o'clock, at the residence of A. Weir Gilkeson, Pine Grove.

—J. D. Lowden, who recently left Bristol for Burlington, will move back to Bristol and open a shoe store on Mill street. He says he did more business in Bristol in a week than he could do in Burlington in a month.

—The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance will hold their quarterly meeting at Evans Hall on Wednesday afternoon, July 25. All the Grand Officers will be present. John Shallcross, G. W. P., of Frankford, will preside.

—A special meeting of Council was held last Monday evening to award the contract for the gathering of garbage for the ensuing year. Caleb T. Headley was given the job. His bid was $540. The work was given out last year to Jeremiah H. Kelley, for $680.

—Politics are brightening up in the Democratic ranks. There will be an active contest for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the Democratic rules. The contestants to date are Wm. Stackhouse, Henry Lovett, Gilbert Gilkeson and Edward Ely, all of the lower end.

—The canal stables of Mr. Uhler, on Bath street were destroyed by fire last Friday morning. The fire was discovered about half past three o'clock. Eleven mules were burned to death, and 200 barrels of corn 10 tons of hay, and 50 bushels of oats were burned. The fire is believed to be the work of an incendiary.

—A young man came into Bristol last Saturday night with James Slimm's horse and wagon. He hitched his horse to a post on Mill street and took a little stroll around the neighborhood. When he came back the horse and vehicle were gone. He naturally supposed the rig had been stolen and notified the police In the course of an hour the horse and wagon were found hitched as before. Some adventurous person thought that he would have a little drive without leaving word of his intentions, and hence the anxiety manifested

—Two men while walking across the railroad bridge at Schenck's station were struck by a freight train. They had stepped off one track on to the other to get out of the way of a passenger train when they were struck by the freight. One of the men sustained severe injuries about the head, while the other, in his endeavors to rescue his companion, got off with no more serious injury than a sprained wrist. They were brought to Bristol and the R. R. Co's. surgeon Dr. John Ward, dressed their wounds, after which they were taken to the hospital at Philadelphia. The men were from Chicago. Both were respectably dressed and said that they were in search of work.

—On Sunday morning the "Edwin Forrest" took an excursion, composed mostly of French societies, to Florence Heights, in commemoration of the destruction of the Bastille and the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Republic. The steamer was draped with the national flags of the U. S. and France, and was crowded with people Among the invited guests present was Col. Burnet Landreth, of the firm of D. Landreth & Sons. At the banqueting table Mr. Landreth responded to the toast "The United States." He said that though thoroughly American, his ancestry were from Brittany, a province in France. He had learned to love France through his travels and for the service she rendered America in its dark days. When he said that without France's aid in the war for independence America would now be like Canada and Australia, the applause was immense. "French blood flowed freely then," he said. He referred to the fact of Jerome Bonaparte's residence in the immediate vicinity of the picnic grounds. The excursionists returned to Philadelphia at 8 o'clock in the evening.

PERSONAL.

Burnet Landreth, Jr. is at Spring Lake.

Miss Mary Fenimore is at Faulkland, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Leafe are at Ocean Grove for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dorrance and family are at Juniper Point, Mass.

Mrs. Dr. A S. Wilson is visiting friends in Flemington, N. J.

Mrs. Harvey S. Rue after spending several weeks at Wilmington, Del, returned home yesterday evening.

Miss May Tredick is visiting Mrs. George Nye, at Haddonfield, N. J.

Miss Lila Morrison is visiting Miss Jennie Rightly, in West Philadelphia.

Mr. George W. Strauser and family are at Atlantic City for the summer.

Miss Newbold, of West Philadelphia, is the guest of Mrs. Leo Landreth.

William Blackwood left Bristol yesterday to spend a few days in Lebanon, Pa.

Miss Hattie Fenimore, of Philadelphia, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Fenimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sooy, of Buffalo, N. Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joel Sooy.

Miss Ellen C. Vanuxem is at Long Branch, where she will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Joseph S. Thomas is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alice Hunter, at Washington, D.C.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stuckert left Bristol yesterday for a weeks' sojourn at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Edward Leedom and Mrs. Jonathan Thomas and daughter Nellie, are at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Cabeen, who had been spending a few days at Spring Lake, returned home on Tuesday.

Mrs. Peter E. Hope, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Baker.

David E. Allen, formerly of Bristol, but now residing in Indianapolis, Ind., paid this borough a flying visit yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Thomas, of Pendleton, Ind., who have been spending a number of weeks in Bristol, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Harry Wright, of West Philadelphia, spent several days in Bristol this week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stuckert.

Miss Margaret George, of Des Moines, Iowa, who was a delegate to the Convention of the Christian Endeavor Society, held in Philadelphia recently, was the guest of Mrs. M. B. O. Thomas for several days this week.

TULLYTOWN NOTES.

Our people seem to be taking an unusual amount of pride in fixing up their front yards this season.

The hot sun of last Thursday and Friday was too much for some of the Italian railroad laborers. Several of them did not go to work on Saturday.

A party of our young folks gathered at Andrew Braden s, last Saturday evening, in honor of George's 21st birthday. They left for their homes about midnight, after spending a pleasant evening.

The Tullytown senior base ball club defeated the E. M. Wood club, of Bristol, in a game of 4 innings, last Saturday afternoon, on the grounds of the former club, by a score of 5 to 4. The "strawberry blonde," (I could not learn his correct name), manager of the E. M Wood club, thought it was rather damp when the fair and honest umpire James McIlvaine, said "play ball" in the 3rd inning; his men also became "rattled" in this inning and went wild. Taking the rainy afternoon into consideration the game was very good. S. W. H.

FERNWOOD NOTES.

A very enjoyable progressive euchre party of four tables was given at Fernwood, on Saturday evening. The gentleman's royal prize was awarded to Mr. R. McDade, of Bristol, and the lady's to Miss Carrie Richards, of Philadelphia. Mr. F. Duff, of Philadelphia, won the gentleman's booby prize, and Miss M. Brown, of Cornwells, won the ladies booby prize. It was such an enjoyable affair that the guests have concluded to give weekly entertainments of this kind during the season.

Arrivals—The Misses Emma, Lillie and Grace Hall, Mr. F. Duff and wife, Mr. J. Duff, Miss Emily Duff.

GLEANINGS.

A State convention of county commissioners will be held in Allentown, on Sept. 24.

Owners of cottages at Simpson Grove have taken up their summer abode at that place.

Dr. W. T. Robinson, of the Hatboro Spirit, has sailed from New York on a European tour.

The Norristown hospital for the insane has 1727 patients, the largest number in the history of the hospital.

Mayor Skirm, of Trenton, on July 6th, married Miss Amy Thompson and James L. Hendricks. Both were from Bristol.

The canoeists of Trenton have purchased White's island, in the Delaware, near the city, and it will hereafter be known as Park island.

The American Philogical Association held its twenty-first annual meeting at Easton, last week, with about seventy members present.

An infirmary for dumb animals, covering over 100 acres, has been opened at Bustleton. Horses and dogs will be the principal patients.

The Merchants' Protective Association formed at Newtown will act in conjunction with those formed at Doylestown, Bristol and Langhorne.

William C. Newport, the extensive Willow Grove fertilizer dealer, has gone to Colorado for his health. He is accompanied by his wife and son.

The basin or spring from which the water for Langhorne is drawn is covered with wire netting, so no leaf, bird or animal can get in to injure the purity of the water.

Anna H. Griscom has been appointed Postmistress at Jenkintown, and will take possession of the office as soon as the usual preliminaries are complied with.

An advertisement in the Philadelphia Ledger for a principal of Media High School, at a salary of $1000, brought 35 replies from this and other States. Prof. L. H. Walters, of St. Clairsville, Ohio, was selected.

The Republicans of Bensalem have applied to the court of Common Pleas of Bucks County for a charter for a proposed permanent club to be known as "The Bensalem Republican Association of Bucks County."

Henry Leech, an old soldier, who worked for Martin White, a farmer in Middletown township, died suddenly yesterday afternoon. The coroner was notified, an inquest was held and a verdict of death from heart disease was rendered.

The Rev. William A. Patton, of Doylestown, can have the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, of Camden, if he so desires. He was a candidate a few weeks ago, but was defeated by Rev. Edward S. Fullerton, of Worcester, Mass. The latter has declined the call.

Valentine Clymer was seen last Tuesday following a reaper near Chalfont, this county, binding up sheaves of wheat. Mr. Clymer is 93 years of age and performed his labor with the sprightliness of his youthful 65-year-old son who kept his company in his arduous labor.

Albert E. Ramsey, hotel proprietor at Jamison, has been placed under $400 bail by Justice Hendricks, of Doylestown, charged with selling liquor to persons of known intemperate habits and to persons visibly affected by the same. Ramsey had a similar charge brought against him a short time ago.

Richard B. Cook, of Philadelphia, conductor on a construction train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, has been held in $300 bail by Esquire Monaghan, of Wilmington, Del., charged with stealing six blankets and a spittoon from a Pullman palace car. A colored porter implicated Cook in the crime.

Governor Beaver has appointed Dr. Joseph Thomas, of Quakertown, Bucks county, a member of the Board of Trustees of the State Hospital for the Insane at this place. Dr. Thomas succeeds B. F. Gilkeson, whose duties as Second Comptroller of the Treasury at Washington would not permit him to give the necessary attention to that position.

The old Inquirer paper-mill at the foot of Levering street, Manayunk, operated of late as the Schuylkill Paper-mill by Charles and Frank McDowell, was entirely destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon. The chemical works of Seelye Brothers were damaged to the extent of $1000. Charles McDowell estimated the loss of the paper-mill at $80,000, with insurance amounting to $37,000.

A young Hatboro man named Shaffer stood watching Christian Beam as he was mowing with a machine on a farm near Jamison, Warwick township, Bucks county, a few days ago. A large spotted snake, driven from the grass by the mower, so startled Shaffer that he ran directly in front of the machine. He was caught by the sharp knives, and both feet were nearly severed at the instep by the swiftly moving blades. It is feared that it will be necessary to amputate both legs.

A 2-year-old child of William Hogan, of Newportville, Bucks county, had a remarkable escape from drowning in a forty-foot well on Sunday afternoon. In the cover of the well is a trap through which butter was lowered into the well to keep it cool. This trap was carelessly left open, and the youngster fell into the water, forty feet below. Mr. Hogan saw the child disappear and immediately slid down the rope in time to save him from drowning. Father and child were drawn up together.

President Harrison and Mrs. Harrison have arranged to participate in the celebration of the founding of the "Log College," which takes place on the Tennent farm near Hartsville. They will arrive at Jenkintown, on September 4th, spend the night at Postmaster General Wanamaker's country seat, and will be driven next day to the scene of the celebration, passing up the York road through Hatboro. Preparations are being made for an interesting commemoration, and Presbyterians and others from all parts of the country will be present.

There is a movement on foot in Philadelphia started by Thomas H. Green, to form a hotel trust. It is estimated that the aggregate business done by the thirteen leading hotels there last year amounted to $5,000,000. Mr. Green's proposition is that all of the big hotels in Philadelphia become a part of the trust, and that the capital be the amount of the business done by each hotel, with the value of the furniture and leases added. In other words, to form a "pooling" arrangement the ownership in the real estate to remain in present hands.

The grade-crossing accident at Bridesburg on May 3 last, when two men were killed by the demolition of a coach containing ten men by a Pennsylvania Railroad train, was recalled in Court Tuesday when James C. Johnson, the driver of the coach, brought suit through P. F. Rothermel, Jr., against the Pennsylvania Railroad to recover damages for personal injuries. He testified that he stopped his horses before he came to the crossing and that the headlight of the locomotive could not be seen. The locomotive's whistle, he stated, was not blown, nor was its bell rung. There was a gate there, but no watchman on duty.

Ex-Judge Amos Briggs has written a letter to The People, of Scranton, announcing his affiliation with the Prohibition party. He calls upon the friends of Prohibition to organize anew, and to bring all the forces engaged in it into one party and under one banner. He believes no temperance man should belong to any other than a temperance party, and he says; "Let us nominate temperance candidates ourselves, vote for them and elect them. If we do they will serve us singly, and without being obliged to apologize to the other parties for their acts. These are my sentiments, and I shall co-operate and vote with that party which adopts a policy in harmony with them."

A Trenton correspondent says: A strange fatality seems to hang around the liquor dealers who are under indictment in Bucks county for assaulting Detective Leighton, of the Law and Order League. Last Friday afternoon Roger Quigg died with cholera morbus, and on Sunday afternoon Charles Egan, another of the six indicted men, died at his home on Fair street. Egan had been ill for several days with gastric fever, superinduced, no doubt, by the worry over his troubles. All the friends of the two men are unanimous in the opinion that their sickness was due to anxiety as to their fate at the hands of the Bucks county authorities. Roger Quigg's funeral took place on Monday.

A serious but not fatal case of "didn't know it was loaded," occurred Monday night of last week, at the Western hotel, Norristown. The victim was Harry Wood, a boy, residing in Philadelphia, who is boarding at the place. John Geller, another boy, picked up a rifle, and aiming it at Wood, threatened in boyish fun to shoot him. The next instant he pulled the trigger and the weapon was discharged, the ball lodging in Wood's face, producing an ugly, but not a mortal wound. Geller, when he learned what he had done, became frantic, and it was feared he would lose his reason. He lay on his bed moaning all night in mental anguish refusing to be comforted, but the next day was more calm. Neither of the boys are over sixteen years old.

Griffith Williams, his wife and four children, and Lizzie Williams and John Griffith, survivors of the Johnstown flood, who lost all they owned by that disaster, sailed from New York on the City of Chicago, for Liverpool, Tuesday morning, to remain permanently in England.

This is the family to whom was born a boy baby on the night of the flood, the event taking place in the attic of a floating house to which they escaped while going around Conemaugh Point on a tin roof. The family are in excellent health. Their claim for a share of the Johnstown Relief Fund has been placed with Chief of Police Griffiths, of that place, who is an uncle of Mrs. Williams. The mother has named her boy Moses, the circumstances of the child's birth suggesting that to her as the most appropriate one.

The eighth annual convention of the Christian Endeavor Society of the United States and Canada, held at Philadelphia, last week, adjourned Thursday evening, after a series of most interesting sessions. Six thousand five hundred registered delegates were in attendance, one of them from Turkey. The closing session lasted until nearly eleven o'clock, and numerous farewell addresses were made, including one by Postmaster General Wanamaker. Before adjournment the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. Francis E. Clarke, of Boston, Massachusetts; vice presidents, Rev. W. J. VanPatten, Burlington, W. Va.; Rev. J. E. Twitchell, New Haven; Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, New York; Rev. Dr. S. P. Niccolls, St. Louis; Rev. Dr. Samuel Fellows, Chicago; Rev. Dr. Robert Christies, St. Paul; Rev. Dr. E. M. McLean, Oakland, Cal.; Rev. Willard Scott, Omaha. The next meeting will be held at St. Louis.

BUCKS COUNTY HISTORIANS.

A NEW STEAMBOAT TRIED ON JOHN FITCH'S HISTORIC POND.

Within calling distance of General W. W. H. Davis' birthplace and a few rods from the spot where the first steamboat ever built attempted to plow the water more than a century ago, the Bucks County Historical Society held its summer meeting yesterday. A quartet of essays, bountiful lunch and an exhibition of the Bender system of steam propulsion composed of the day's program. The literary and gastronomical events took place in the old Davisville Baptist Church, and the aquatic episode in what remains of the mill-pond where John Fitch floated his steam-boat model in 1685. Over all the exercises General Davis, who is President of the society, presided.

A paper on "Some Foreign Visitors to the United States" was read by Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, of Bustleton, who began with Columbus and briefly sketched all of America's most distinguished visitors from Bishop Berkley to Matthew Arnold and the Prince of Wales to Chateaubriand.

John Fitch, the first man who ever applied steam to a boat, had as his historian Rev. D. K. Turner, D. D., of Hartsville, who traced Fitch's career as watchmaker, brass founder, gunsmith, silversmith and purveyor of beer and tobacco to Washington's troops at Valley Forge, and then graphically related the steps by which he adapted steam to travel by water.

As an appropriate sequel to Dr. Turner's paper President Davis described "Bender's System of Steam Propulsion." General Davis said that in Bender's boat the wheels were directly under the centre of the vessel and were so arranged as to always act in solid water thus increasing the pulling power of the boat.

After General Davis' paper the company adjourned to the meadow, where the Advance, a nickel-plated model of a steamboat equiped with the Bender propeller, was put through its paces to the great satisfaction of the lookers-on. The tiny boat is twenty-three inches in length and weighs but seven pounds, but it fairly skimmed over the water's surface; and easily took in tow a bugh floating log that was fourteen times its own weight. An alcohol lamp furnished the power, and while its wheels kept plying at the rate of 800 revolutions per minute, the boat darted along the stream with remarkable speed.

—The white fruit-canners of the Pacific Coast are to hold a meeting this week to consider the advisability of boycotting the Chinese fruit-canners. According to the San Francisco papers, Chinamen are going into this business extensively, and are under-selling their rivals.

—Maj. Armes, who was sentenced to "confinement within fifty miles of Washington," for pulling Gov. Beaver's nose, is now sojourning just 49½ miles from the capital in Maryland, to show his contempt for the sentence.

—Mrs. Brady was convicted in Jersey City on Tuesday of being a "common scold" and the Prosecutor of Pleas expressed regret that the old common-law penalty of the ducking-stool had been abrogated. Only a few days ago it was declared the ancient statute was still in force.

—Jay Gould is an illustration of the good effects of sleep and regular hours. He makes it a point to be in bed at 10 o'clock whenever it is possible for him to do so. He is a small man, of exceedingly nervous temperament. His movements are quick and agile. His eyes are rarely fixed for any length of time upon any single object—not that there is any thing furtive in his glance; not that the darting of his eye from point to point indicates a suspicious nature at all, but the man is obviously a bundle of nerves pulled to their utmost tension, demanding constant thought, incessant care, ceaseless watching.

—Joe Howard, the veteran journalist says in yesterday's New York Press: Little by little the public are being educated in the niceties of prize fighting. According to the shoes worn during the late fight by Sullivan, now exhibited in McSwyny's window, it is considered the proper caper for men who are supposed to fight with their fists to have shoes armed with sharp spikes on the bottom. With these spikes the contestants stamp on each other's feet. How under heaven Sullivan could have borne the physical pain inflicted by the steel prods, three-eighths of an inch in length, which were plunged into his feet again and again by Kilrain, is something that ordinary man cannot understand.

—Strawbridge & Clothier's Monthly for July is at hand from the publishers. It is filled with its usual choice miscellany of literature, fashion, music, domestic intelligence, and bulletin of dry goods; all its pages being thus of interest to women. The chief titles of the present issue are: The Witches Sands, Flowers in July, Birds in Summer, Fashions for Misses and Children, Knitted Bedroom Slippers, The Bell of St. Paul's, Decorated Fans, Fashion Gossip, The Kitchen, Editorials, La Saison Valse, Balmoral Schottische; and many pages of seasonable dry goods, described and priced. At the low subscription price of 50 cents a year, we should suppose that none of our lady readers would be without this excellent publication.

From the New York World.

DROPPED $82,000 AT FARO.

GEORGE LAW, WITH SAM BIRDSALL AS GUIDE, "BUCKS THE TIGER."

The fraternity of professional gamblers in this city is all agog over the heavy losses recently incurred by George Law, at the enticing but uncertain game of faro, for they say that the pretty sum of $82,000 was dropped. It is well known that a certain class of "sports" are constantly on the watch for George Law when he happens to let himself loose. But it was none of the "diamond" gang who "won" from Law this time, for he appears to have bucked the tiger under the guidance of Sam Birdsall, better known as "Slip," whose mysterious disappearance from his customary haunts on Broadway made such a stir in the sporting world a few months ago. When Birdsall and his flowing side whiskers disappeared all sorts of theories were started, those pointing to foul play and murder being most believed in. But "Slip" was not dead having quietly slipped away to a favorite resort near Philadelphia, where he remained in seclusion until recently, although he often declared that he would rather be a lamp-post on Broadway than a king in any other country.

Thursday, July 5, George Law arrived at Long Branch, his only attendant being Thomas, the colored coachman, who has acted in that capacity for many years. Scarcely had Law settled down at the West End Hotel than he began enjoying himself. Attempts were made to keep him secluded, but they were unsuccessful, and he finally went to Phil Daly's Pennsylvania Club-house, now in charge of E. M. Marks. Here Law encountered Birdsall, and they began playing faro in royal style, Law furnishing the sinews of war and Birdsall superintending the method of placing bets.

Luck was against the queerly assorted partners, and on Sunday last Law admitted to a well-known sport that he was a looser to the tune of $30,000, but "Slip" Birdsall raised the amount, in conversation with a brother gambler, to $82,000. Neither Law nor Birdsall assets that there was anything unfair in the way the game was played, "Slip" saying that Law was simply unlucky. Sunday Law entered the club-room kept by John Daly, accompanied by his coachman. He wanted a game opened, and asked for $1,000 worth of checks. While playing mention was made of the rumor that he had lost heavily over at the Pennsylvania Club, when Law said he was out about $30,000, but it was all right, and he blamed nobody and found no fault. The game proceeded for an hour or two, when Law discovered that he stood just even with the bank, and in great hilarity cashed in his pile of chips and went away.

Monday last Law's faithful coachman induced him to leave the Branch, and they arrived in town by the evening boat from Sandy Hook. Since then no one seems to know where Law went, for he has not been seen in any of his usual haunts since and it is supposed that he is domiciled over on Long Island.

There were some curious stories afloat concerning the play at the Pennsylvania Club, but Birdsall asserts that everything was square and aboveboard, though George insisted on making bets which upsets his cooler calculations, and, as he believes, prevented their winning a good round sum, a circumstance which seemed to affect Sam, as he was playing on the safe system, Law furnishing the money and he to take half the winnings for his share. Down at the Club everybody denied that Law had lost money there, though he announced the fact in John Daly's. As customary with Law he settled up like a thoroughbred and is now in retirement.

LINCOLN'S RELIGION.

The forthcoming (August) number of the Century will contain a chapter on "Lincoln and the Churches" in the Lincoln History, by Messrs. Hay and Nicolay, from which the following is an extract from advance sheets:

He was a man of profound and intense religious feeling. We have no purpose of attempting to formulate his creed; we question if he himself ever did so. There have been swift witnesses who, judging from expressions uttered in his callow youth, have called him an acthist, and others who, with the most laudable intentions, have remembered improbable conversations which they bring forward to prove at once his orthodoxy and their own intimacy with him. But leaving aside these apocryphal evidences, we have only to look at his authentic public and private utterances to see how deep and strong in all the latter part of his life was the current of his religious thought and emotion. He continually invited and appreciated, at their highest value, the prayers of good people. The pressure of the tremendous problems by which he was surrounded; the awful moral significance of the conflict in which he was the combatant; the overwhelming sense of personal responsibility, which never left him for an hour — all contributed to produce, in a temperament naturally serious and predisposed to a spiritual view of life and conduct, a sense of reverent acceptance of the guidance of a Superior Power. From that morning when, standing amid the falling snowflakes on the railway car at Springfield, he asked the prayers of his neighbors in those touching phrases whose echo rose that night in invocations from thousands of family alters, to that memorable hour when on the steps of the Capitol he humbled himself before his Creator in the sublime words of the second inaugural, there is not an expression known to have come from his lips or his pen but proves that he held himself answerable in every act of his career to a more august tribunal than any on earth. The fact that he was not a communicant of any church, and that he was singularly reserved in regard to his personal religious life, gives only the greater force to these striking proofs of found reverence and faith.

Harvest Excursions

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway will sell Harvest Excursion Tickets to all points in Kansas and Nebraska (west of but not on the Missouri river) Colorado, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Texas, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Dakota, Arizona, Northwestern Iowa and Southwestern Minnesota at one fare for the round trip. Dates of sale August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th and October 8th, 1889; return limit, 30 days from the date of sale, thus affording opportunities for an investment or the location of farms and homes in growing sections of new country such as were never before offered, the territory to choose from being very much larger than that included in the scope of any similar previous excursion. The solid Vestibule Express Trains of the Rock Island are composed of elegant Day Coaches, Pullman Palace Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars and Dining Cars to and from Omaha, and via Kansas City and St. Joseph through the most desirable portions of Kansas and Nebraska to Denver, Colorado Springs and Peublo, where direct communications are made with diverging lines (also at St. Paul) to all points in the States and Territories above named. For more detailed information call on or address I. L. Loomis, Pass. Agent Middle District, 111 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa. or John Sebastain, General Ticket and Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ills.

*Dyspepsia makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

*Don't Give Up because you feel blue and are troubled with that tired and allgone feeling. Do as I did, use a bottle of Sulphur Bitters, it will make you feel like a new person; it did me.

Jennie Holmes, 354 Tremont street, Boston.

*Be your own Doctor.—It won't cost you one half as much. Do not delay. Send three 2-cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Kaufmann's great work, fine colored plates from life, on disease, its causes, and home cure. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

*Better and cheaper than a Doctor—Moffat's Life Pills. The quickest cure for Burns and Scalds—Page's Climax Salve. It draws out the pain and heals without a scar. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

*Vintage of Grapes for Invalids.—The Port Grape wine of New Jersey is the best medical wine in the market, and it is said that the vintage of Alfred Speer far excels any other produced. It is heavy in body, rich in flavor, and well adapted for general family use. It makes new blood and gives color to the pale and sickly. Leading physicians prescribe this wine in their practice; and use it in their own homes. Druggists sell it.

*To Families—Never be without Moffat's Life Pills in the house. Page's Climax Salve is a Household Blessing. Use Moffat's Life Pills and Page's Climax Salve. There can be no sickness if Moffats Medicines are used. For sale by druggists everywhere.

"Hunger is the Best Sauce."—As a rule, a person who has a good appetite has good health. But how many there are who enjoy nothing they eat, and sit down to meals only as an unpleasant duty. Nature's antidotes for this condition are so happily combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla that it soon restores good digestion, creates an appetite and renovates and vitalizes the blood so that the beneficial effect of good food is imparted to the whole body. Truly hunger is the best sauce and Hood's Sarsaparilla induces hunger.

MARRIED.

LOVETT—WHARTON.—On the 4th inst., by Rev. E. E. Mitchell, James Lovett and Miss Flora Wharton, both of Tullytown.

New Advertisements.

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall street, New York City.

Executor's Sale of Real Estate.

Pursuant to the last will and testament of John Wright, deceased, will be sold on SATURDAY, the THIRD DAY OF AUGUST, 1889, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the following house and lot in which he resided, situated on the N. E. side of Bath street, in the Borough of Bristol.

The lot is 25 feet in front by 148 feet in depth, and is bounded by lands of Mary Closson, Rebecca Butler, etc.

The improvements are a good 2-story brick house, 25x30 feet, a 2-story brick building back, 15 feet square, with cellar underneath; frame shed in the rear 15x8 feet, in which is a water hydrant. Having 6 large rooms besides attic and shed. Fruit trees in yard.

The property is in a central part of the town, well built, commodious and in good order, and valuable both as a residence and place of business

JAMES WRIGHT,
ANTHONY SWAIN,
Executors.

Wm. Kinsey, Auct.

Agents Wanted

For the Prudential Life Insurance Co. Apply to Chas. E. Sutton, Supt. N. E. Cor. Wood and Lafayette Sts., Bristol, Pa. P. O. Box 156.

TO LET.

Rooms to let on reasonable terms. Apply at 52 Wood Street, Bristol, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SARAH D. WRIGHT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

JAMES WRIGHT,
JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Administrators.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,

William M. Stackhouse,

OF BRISTOL TOWNSHIP.

Subject to Democratic Rules.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our **Select Local List.**

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.

LEM WONG,

Chinese Laundry,

No. 50 Mill St., Bristol.

Clothes of every description done up in first-class manner. Look at some of the prices.

Shirts, ironed,	10c	Shirts, new,	12c.
Collars,	2 for 5c	Cuffs per pair,	5c
Undershirts,	7c	Underclothes,	7c
Woolen shirts,	7c	Baby caps,	35c
White dress, 75c to $1.50			
Socks, per pair,	3c	Handkerchiefs,	3c
Boys' Jackets,	12c	Neckties,	2c

and other things equally cheap.

Work taken on every day of the week and returned the third or fourth day thereafter.

Goods not called for in 60 days will be sold. No articles delivered until paid for.

GIVD ME A TRIAL.

J. T. DUNCAN and MRS. DUNCAN,

Take this method to inform their former patrons that they have returned to

Bristol and Located at 48 Mill St.

Next door to Adam's Express office, in the store lately vacated by Grumbacher, where they intend to supply the inhabitants of Bristol and vicinity with a good line of

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY,

At Lowest Cash Prices.

N. B.—Store will open Saturday, April 20th

DR. G. W. ADAMS,

Dentist,

No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.

Makes the "Fragrant Dentilave" for the Teeth. He makes a Mouth-wash for the cure of "Scurvy," or Chronic Inflammation of the Gums. He is author of "Adams' Tooth-Powder"; and his Tooth-Brushes are the best in the market—each 25 cents.

He also settles estates and attends to other fiducial matters with promptness and dispatch.

SOLID OAK

BED ROOM SUIT

7 Pieces for $19.00.

The above will give you an idea of the prices that we ask for Fine Furniture and Bedding at our warerooms. We manufacture largely our own goods, consequently the prices are all lower than the usual retail dealers ask.

A. J. H. MACKIE,

Fine Furniture & Bedding,

No 119 North Second St., Phila.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CHARLES BANES, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

SAMUEL P. BANES,

or B. F. & A. W. Gilkeson Washington, D. C. & W. S. Wright, Attys.

Bristol Laundry,

34 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

All work neatly and artistically done.

SHIRTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS

A SPECIALTY.

Wm. H. Yetman.

Miscellaneous

LOOK!

*** This is what we have to say about Shoes that will do you good:

SHOES!

Men's Fine Calf, dress,	$3.00	Men's Fine Dress, good,	$2.00
Men's Fine Dress,	1.25	Boy's Fine, good,	1.75
Boy's knock-about,	1.50	Ladies' Fine, extra good,	2.60
Ladies' Fine, good,	2.00	Ladies' Good everyday,	1.50
Misses' Fine, extra good,	1.50	Misses' Fine, good sp. heels,	1.25
Children's Fine sp. heels,	1,25	Children's good,	1.00

And Shoes of most every style and description,

AT ELMER E. JOHNSON'S

CASH STORE!

TULLYTOWN, PA.

Bristol Advertisements

CHAS. WEEKS,
—Dealer in—

Pure Lehigh Coal,

Lime, Sand, Stone, Wood, &c.,

Office—Mill Street, above Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.

Your trade is solicited.

MRS. JOHN HEAD,

No. 15 Bath St., Bristol.

Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, and Children's Clothes.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

STILL AHEAD!

W. H. RAYLMOND,
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Groceries, Provisions,

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Immense quantities of goods bought for cash prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.

Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
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is at all times prepared to do jobs of

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of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

Radcliffe street near Market,

BRISTOL, PA.

A well selected stock of piece goods on hand which will be made up to suit customers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A POEM WITHOUT THE LETTER "E."

John Knox was a man of wondrous might,
And his words ran high and shrill,
For bold and stout was his spirit bright,
And strong was his stalwart will!

Kings sought in vain his mind to chain,
And that giant brain to control,
But naught on plain or stormy main
Could daunt that mighty soul.

John would sit and sigh till morning cold
Its shining lamps put out,
For thoughts untold on his mind laid hold,
And brought but pain and doubt.

But light at last on his soul was cast,
Away sank pain and sorrow,
His soul is gay, in a fair today,
And looks for a bright to-morrow.
—Unidentified.

A SONG OF KILLARNEY.

By the Lakes of Killarney, one morning in May,
On my pipe of green rolly I warbled away,
While a blackbird, high up on the arbutus tree,
Gave back my gay musk with gushes of glee,
When my Eileen's voice stole
From the thicket of holly,
And turned just the whole
Of our fluting to folly,
And so lay along
Through the myrtle and heather
The maid and her song
Swept upon us together

'Twas an old Irish tale, full of passionate trust,
Of two faithful lovers long laid in the dust,
And her eyes, as she sang, looked so far, far away,
She went by me, nor knew she went by where I lay
And myself and the grass,
And the deeshy red daisies
Should let our dear pass,
Only whisp'ring her praises,
Till the lass and her lay
Through the myrtle and heather
Like a dream died away
O'er the mountain together.
—Alfred Perceval Graves in The Spectator

PHANTOMS OF FLEURY.

It was toward the end of August when I paid my first visit to the old Chateau de Fleury.

My road, a mere cart track, lay across the plain, between the golden stubble fields that till a few days before had been covered with ripe corn. It was not often that I walked away from the great forest that stretched darkly over the gently swelling hills behind me, but it was late in the afternoon, the shadows already gathered thickly beneath its shade, and I turned involuntarily toward the sun. My walk was solitary. The only people I met were one or two laborers, men and women, returning from their work, who saluted me as they passed with "Bon soir, m'sieu."

The scene was very peaceful; the air was warm and soft, the sinking sun cast his rays gently over the earth; far away, from one of the many villages dotted on the plain, came the sound of the vesper bell, and the land looked very fair. But with its beauty there was also that sadness which will come when summer is giving place to autumn. The earth is at rest. She has brought her wealth of fruit and flowers to perfection, and is taking a breathing space before beginning her winter struggles. Summer is still with her, but he hovers with outstretched wings, ready to answer the voices that call him elsewhere, turning a last tender, loving farewell look upon the land he has so blessed with his presence.

And with this sadness upon me I passed through the old gateway and stood in the great quadrangle. The grass had grown long and the paths were covered with weeds, but it was not quite deserted, for at the well an old man in a blue apron was drawing water. He raised his bucket and, with slow and laborious steps, turned and passed through a little postern gate, the water splashing over as he went. The inclosure in which I stood was formed on three sides by outhouses and stables; on the fourth, facing me, by the dwelling house, forming a second court and separated from the large one by a moat crossed by a drawbridge. This inner court was brilliant with flowers, wasting their sweetness sadly, for there was no one now to open the shuttered windows and come down the terrace steps to wonder at their beauty. And I stood under the great limes by the well and thought of the days gone by, when the chateau had been full of life and gayety, and wondered if such times would ever come again.

Presently I roused myself, and turning to the left I went round to the other side of the house. The moat surrounded it only on three sides; the back, or rather the real front, faced a large lake in a far stretching green park. There was a terrace on this side of the building, too, the steps leading into a beautiful rose garden. The roses were falling now, but the evening air was laden with their scent, and here and there was still a perfect flower. The shadows were lengthening over the water; two or three little islands lay darkly on its surface; the wild luxuriance of the vegetation pointed, no doubt, to the fact that the place was very damp, but on this August evening it looked warm and sweet enough.

Presently the sun flung a last bright smile to the tall, stately trees, and touched the weathercocks on the old turrets with gold. The sky became tinged with delicate pale green and rose color, the reflection of the sunset I could not see. For a few minutes the old place was full of soft light, and then the radiance slowly died away and the twilight came on apace.

Still I could not bring myself to leave the spot. I had sunk down upon a moss covered stone among the roses, and was gazing out over the lake. Vague, dreamy thoughts came floating through my brain, and I sat on unconscious of the passing time.

Suddenly I became aware that the light on the picture before me was changing. Mysterious shadows lay upon the grass on the opposite shore of the lake. The islands were floating in a silvery mist. An old boat moored close to me seemed to shine like a fairy skiff, fit for any of those dainty dames of the olden time, of whom I had been dreaming, to take their pleasure in. Clearer and clearer became the light, more fairy like and bright the scene, and when my own shadow grew out of the ground at my feet I turned and, behold, the great golden moon had climbed the heavens and was peeping through the trees to the east. A slight breeze sprang up and rustled their leaves softly. They whispered and bent to one another, and the air was full of their sound. In the center of the lake a fish leapt, breaking the water into a thousand sparkling ripples that eddied to my feet.

At last I rose and turned to go, when I became aware of a startling change in the appearance of the house. It was no longer dark and deserted. The shutters were thrown open. Lights shone from every casement, and figures passed rapidly to and fro. On the ground floor the door windows were wide open on to the terrace, and a stream of light poured forth from each, mingling with the moonlight. Sounds of music floated out to me; not the jingling, rapid airs of our modern dances, but slow and stately measures that brought with them visions of powder and patches, rapiers and lace ruffles. Amazed, I watched for a little time, and then, curiosity getting the better of me, I went up the steps and stood by the center window. Presently I went in. No one seemed to notice me, and I looked on quietly

A long broad hall stretched before me, evidently going the whole length of the building. The floor was highly polished and reflected the light of hundreds of wax candles that hung in clusters against silver sconces on the oak walls. At one end was a musicians' gallery, whence came the sounds I had heard. The front of it was festooned with flowers, and flowers were twined round the frames of the family portraits on the walls. There were many portraits, of all periods. Knights in armor, dames in high peaked head dresses, grave statesmen in furred gowns, children playing with dogs and demure maidens in ruffs and farthingales. But my attention soon strayed from the pictures to the figures passing and repassing before me. It was evidently a great and important gathering. The host appeared to be a tall, portly man, his powdered hair tied with black ribbon, a violet satin embroidered coat and fine lace ruffles at throat and wrist. He leant on a gold headed cane and tapped a snuff box as he talked. There were crowds of courtly men talking to elegant women, whose eyes glanced all the brighter for their powder and rouge. At one end two couples were gliding through a minuet, with many a bow and sweeping courtesy. As I grew more accustomed to the brilliant scene I seemed to know instinctively who some of the people were. Those two old dames on the settee in the corner are kinswomen of the host, and their tongues have not ceased since I came in. No doubt they are discussing some dainty dish of scandal. That tall, stern man moving about with an air of authority must surely be the son and heir.

But there is a couple that more than all the rest excites my curiosity. The man is small and slight and fair; he is dressed in the extreme of fashion, in pale pink satin, with diamond buckles on his shoes. His rapier has a jeweled hilt, and through it is drawn an embroidered handkerchief. He stands near the top of the room, and is evidently a guest of importance, for the host pauses now and again to smile and say a few words, which the young man answers carelessly in a thin, bored voice His partner is a much more interesting study. She is very young—not more than 17—and has a delicate, fragile look. Her hair is piled loosely on the top of her head, and a blue ribbon runs through it. It is the only bit of color about her. Her white silk sacque falls in full, graceful folds from her shoulders; she holds a drooping cluster of white roses in her hands, which nervously arrange and rearrange the flowers; her face is very colorless, and her deep blue eyes have a strained, nervous look. The two do not seem at ease in each other's company; from time to time the gentleman pays the lady a vapid compliment, to which she responds faintly or not at all.

Now there is a general move toward the top of the room, and the musicians cease. The company gathers round a square oak table; on it are pens, ink and several large sheets of paper. A man in plain black garments, evidently a notary, takes a seat. Father and son stand near each other, and on the farther side the young couple who have so interested me; then I see the likeness between the girl and the two men opposite, and it flashes across my mind that I am assisting at that betrothal scene I had heard of a few days before. The notary begins to read, the document tells of the dower of the bride and the settlements made by the bridegroom, calling forth many exclamations of wonder and sighs of envy from the assembled guests. The father and son listen with stern satisfaction; the bridegroom pretends to pay no attention; the bride, poor little thing, gets paler and more nervous.

Now the reading has come to an end, and amidst the buzz of conversation the host rises and signs the papers. The witnesses do his side follow, then the bridegroom and his witnesses. The notary turns to the bride, and, smiling, offers her the pen. With trembling fingers she takes it, then hesitates. Her great sad eyes are lifted appealingly to her brother, and seeing no hope there she looks at her father, and a piteous murmur that is half a sob breaks from her: "Father!" But no softness comes over the stern face. "It is your turn to sign, my daughter!" is all the response she gets. Despairingly she bends over the table and her name is added to the rest.

The business being over, the ladies crowd round her with congratulations on the splendid match, and surrounded by them she moves away. Presently she begs them to leave her by the window. She feels a little faint, she says, but a few moments' quiet will soon put her right, and they leave her in the deep embrasure. Once alone she rises, and, watching her opportunity, slips out into the night. I, too, step through my window, and see her flit across the terrace in the moonlight. At the foot of the steps a man starts out of the shadow with a low "At last, sweetheart!" and catches the slender figure in his arms for a moment. Wrapping a large, dark cloak over her white garments he draws her arm through his and leads her a few steps, when he is stopped by a hand placed suddenly on his shoulder. Turning, he sees the dark face of his lady's brother.

With a cry the girl starts from him and flings herself between the two men. Her brother thrusts her aside. "Stand back! I have to deal with him, not you!" But she clings to him, and, sinking on her knees, promises anything if he will only let her lover go safe. He shakes himself free, and in another moment the clash of swords brings a wondering crowd to the windows. No one interferes or attempts to go to the poor child bolding the back of a seat to keep herself upright. Presently a heavy fall and a shriek from the girl tells what the end is. The white figure flies to the prostrate man and the little hands try to lift the heavy head. "Kiss me, sweetheart," murmurs the dying man; "I wish I could have saved you," and then all is still.

For a few minutes no one moves. The lovers lie as if both, instead of one, were dead; the guests gaze at them with pale, scared faces, and midway between the two groups, half way up the steps, father and son speak in a low whisper. The moon sheds her calm, silvery light over all, as she would were the scene she illumined a happy instead of a most tragic one. Suddenly I see the girl lift her head; noiselessly she rises to her knees, then to her feet. The two men on the steps notice nothing, so deep are they in their whispered conference. With a swift, stealthy movement she glides down to the water's edge, and before her father and brother, warned by a cry from their guests, can stop her, she has stepped into a light pleasure boat moored there, and has pushed off into the lake. In vain are the cries to her to return She floats slowly away in the moonlight, and as a solemn hush comes over the spectators the sound of a low crooned song comes across the water. Then it stops and the white figure rises to its feet, a sobbing cry reaches us, and, with lifted arms and upturned face, it sinks—sinks—and disappears. A scream bursts from some one in the crowd—and the figures vanish.

I was sitting alone among the roses, the old house stood silent and deserted behind me, the crazy boat was quietly moored at the little landing stage, but the moon had disappeared and an owl in the trees near by was sending forth his melancholy cry on the still night air.—London Society.

Rats' Tails.

M. Bert sewed the tip of the tail into the back of the rat. After it had taken root in its new position he cut it off close to its original point of insertion. The rat now wore a tail reversed in position, the former tip being the root. After some time it was found that the new tail was sensitive. Conclusion—The nerves of sensation can carry impulses each way. Dr. Koch has recently performed this experiment on forty rats. In thirty cases the tails united satisfactorily, but never, even eight months later, was any sensation present in the new appendage.—Scientific American.

I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall occasionally be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.—Dickerson.

The Roumanian Restaurant.

The Roumanian restaurant, with its band of lautars in handsome, white embroidered uniforms, is out in this direction. Quite a feature of the concert is the shrill, high notes drawn from his Pan's flute by one of the players, who at times distinctly produces a sound that imitates the howl of a dog. Some of their haras or hymns are very fine, and the "Dirge on King Bokran II," which is one of the best pieces of their unwritten repertory, is a masterly production. The concert of the Roumanian ladies from Vienna, all of whom are as rare artists as they are handsome women, is in another part of the grounds, near the Argentine pavilion.—Paris Letter

The Stumpin' Deacon.

Deacon Blank, of Blankport, Mo., is quite a story teller. After he asked the blessing at dinner the other day he told this one: When he was a young man he took a contract to clear a piece of pitch pine, there being many stumps to dispose of; some six feet in diameter. He constructed a very large plow, hitched on forty yoke of oxen, and either turned out the stumps or split them in twain. One stump snapped together when he went through it and took off his coat tails. "But I found nothing to stop me," said he, "till I struck a monster garget root, which brought the whole team up standing on their hind feet."—Lewiston Journal.

Don't Want to Be Like Men.

"Any one riding much on the street cars will notice one peculiarity in regard to women passengers," said an old conductor; "they never read a newspaper on the cars. I often stop the car for some woman to get a paper of a newsboy. She'll be in the greatest hurry till she gets it, and then she'll fold it up kind of small and tuck it away in her work bag."

"What do you think is the reason of it?" asked a passenger.

"I guess they think it would look too much like the men—kind of strong minded—to read it. I've seen one or two take a sly look at the headlines, but they never read to amount to anything then. And I'm mortal glad they don't. If all the women in the cars took to reading we conductors would never get the fares collected. Only the other day a man took a button out of his vest pocket and gave it to me while he was reading his paper, and they sit up behind them sheets and never see their own wives standing up alongside of them. There is one woman that reads a paper just like a man when she rides down town, but then she is a politician and has to, I guess."—Detroit Free Press.

An Episode of Travel.

He had on a high collar with lurid stripes and a vest which, for colors, would have dimmed the glories of Joseph's famous garment. He was eating at the same table with a middle aged, bald headed man, who appeared to be doing pretty much as he pleased. He helped himself to water out of the young man's decanter, and had remained apparently oblivious to the indignant glances that followed the proceeding. He had given orders to the young man's waiter and the latter had hastened to fill them in preference to all others. At length a dispute arose as to an open window.

"Put it down," said the young man.

"Leave it up," said the other.

"Who are you, anyhow?" spluttered the young man who was thoroughly aroused. "Do you own this hotel?"

"Yes, sir," was the bland response, "I am the landlord."—Merchant Traveler.

The Tennis Racket.

Ash is the raw material of the tennis racket. When the tree is cut down it is split into strips sixty-six inches in length. These are placed in a steaming box for a few hours, when they become supple enough to be bent into shape round a block. In this position they are cramped and left for twenty-four hours to cool and dry. After being taken off the block they are fastened in a way which preserves the shape, and left to season. When the manufacturing process is resumed the "center," which is of walnut, is fitted in, a slip of wood is put up the middle of the handle and a piece of baywood or cedar is fixed on each side. Having been left over night to set, the handle is then shaped up. The holes are next bored in the frame, and, the whole being rounded and smoothed off, oil is rubbed in to prepare for the polishing. The gut is then strung, and this is done with great care, each strand being tightened up until it rings like the string of a musical instrument.

The racket generally used is perfectly straight in the sides, but a slight lob on the under side has been introduced by the Slazengers under the direction of some of the leading players. For playing downwards it is considered to have advantages in the hands of experts, giving it great driving power. The "demon" racket which has figured in the law courts has a groove running lengthwise on each side of the handle and one crosswise near the tip to enable the fingers to grip more firmly. Most handles are, however, perfectly smooth. In weight they run from thirteen to fifteen ounces, and in price the best rackets range from a guinea to twenty-five shillings, while a good, ordinary one can be bought for half a guinea to fifteen shillings. The frame of a desirable racket should be free from flaws and have a straight grain, the gut should be tightly strung and yet have a good deal of elasticity, and the finish generally should be good. When out of play, and in the winter season especially, a racket is apt to warp unless fixed in a "press," of which there are various kinds.—Pall Mall Budget.

Jim's Maiden Effort.

It is seldom that a practical joke can be indulged in without bringing unpleasant consequences upon some one. Occasionally, however, one may be found which is both innocent and amusing, like the following, narrated to the author of "The Falcon on the Baltic." The hero of the tale was a certain "terrible greenhorn" by the name of Jim, on whom some one or other was always playing a trick.

One evening the barge was sailing by Sheerness, and the skipper, happening to look at the clock, saw that it wanted a minute or so to 9. He remembered that at 9 o'clock a gun was always fired at Sheerness; so, being a mischievous sort of chap, he sings out to the green hand:

"Hi! here, Jim, come on deck at once, and bring the fog horn with you!"

Jim tumbled up.

"Now, blow that there fog horn for your life!" cries the skipper.

"What for?" asks Jim, looking around.

"Don't ask what for, but blow, you lubber! It's the rule here. If a vessel doesn't salute Sheerness with her fog horn as she passes by they fire at her."

Jim, believing it all, takes the horn and blows like mad.

"Harder, harder!" cries the skipper. "They can't hear that. They'll shoot us all if you ain't louder."

So Jim was blowing away with all the wind he had, when suddenly off went the 9 o'clock gun, and Jim gave a yell, threw the fog horn on deck and rushed below to hide from the cannon balls.

Oh, he was a green chap, then! He's a bit smarter now, but the story of that fog horn will always follow him.—Youth's Companion.

Spoiling Children.

The mother's task of conquering the child should begin at an early age, or in the end the child will be the victor. A striking illustration of this was noticed on one of the busy streets of a certain city, recently. Two ladies who had evidently been shopping were pushing in front of them a carriage in which sat a bright eyed, laughing child of perhaps two years. It soon discovered, however, that the carriage was headed towards home and it at once began to fuss to go back. Its mother not complying, its face, a moment before all sunshine, assumed a look of passion and its cries could be heard far down the street. After one or two trifling attempts to still its cries, the mother laughingly remarked to her companion that perhaps they had better go where baby wanted to, which was done, and smiles once more covered the little one's face. They were soon lost from sight in the moving throng, but already the little child had learned her power and will continue to use it. One lady was heard to remark, "If that mother can't manage her child at two, how can she expect to have any influence over her at sixteen?"—Lewiston Journal.

A Complicated Find.

The following account of the discovery of a hidden treasure is somewhat curious from the strange manner in which the veritable owner recovered his property. In a field near London, some laborers, digging up the roots of a tree, found two jars containing nearly four hundred sovereigns. They divided the money among themselves, and were then taken aback by the lord of the manor claiming it. Before this claim could be investigated a tradesman came forward and stated that one night, under a temporary delusion, he had gone out and buried the money; but when he awoke, and for some time afterward, he tried in vain to recollect the locality he had selected. It was not until he heard a rumor of the finding of 400 sovereigns that he obtained a clew and the entire transaction was recalled to his memory. He was able to bring forward sufficient evidence in support of his singular story, and, to his great relief, the money was eventually restored to him.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Disgusted Thief.

Among curious recoveries are many instances which are of interest on account of the odd circumstances rather than of the money value of the articles lost and found. A few years ago a parcel of manuscript of Poole's great "Index to Periodicals," containing the material for about twenty pages, was stolen from the express on its way to the printers. The state of mind of the editors can well be imagined, for these twenty pages represented the three years' labor of some fifty co-operators, and could not be replaced without going through, from beginning to end, over 4,000 volumes! The indexes of some periodicals might, as far as they were concerned, furnish an imperfect substitute, but while the editors were considering how they could best make use of them, the manuscript was found under a street counter, where it had been thrown by the disappointed thief, and a vexatious delay in the publication of a most invaluable work was fortunately prevented.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE REASON.

Life is very sweet just now—
Full of light and flowers;
Not a single cloud to mar
Or give a hint of showers.

Life is very sweet and fair,
Rosy hued and smiling;
With the music of the birds
Happy hours beguiling

Life is very sweet. You ask
What can be the reason
(Looking blankly at the clouds)
Of the rainy season?

Life is very sweet because—
Because—why not assist me?
Sweet in spite of rain or clouds
Just because you kissed me.
—Abbie C. McKeever in Pittsburg Bulletin.

DUST.

It was the year 3093. The Stanford university was holding its twelve hundredth anniversary. For three centuries and more the great stone wall and bridge across the bay at Ravenswood had been completed, so that most of the professors from the elder university at Berkeley came by this route, looking down on the upper bay, changed into fields, with orchards of two hundred and fifty years establishment growing where the Nineteenth century sloops and oyster boats came to the prehistoric embarcaderos of Mowry's Landing and Alviso. A great industrial university. Workshops reaching for miles along the beautiful slopes of San Mateo, training schools, art schools, language schools, scientific schools. Berkeley for the classics and the humanities, Stanford university for an unparalleled grouping of the great industrial and scientific activities of the race. For mile beyond mile ran the gardens, the green houses, the intensive horticulture which for more than a thousand years had made the valley regions of California the richest and most thickly populated district in the world. Statistics from the census of the year 3090: "Population of California, forty-seven millions; population of the valleys which impinge upon San Francisco, including the valleys caused by the drainage of Suison bay. San Pablo bay, and the upper half of San Francisco bay, twenty-eight millions. One-half of these are in the Sacramento San Joaquin valley, the other half within fifty miles of San Francisco city."

The president of the university, Leland Stanford Ainsworth, a descendant of one of the Oregon Ainsworths of the Nineteenth century, delivered his address: "Science is endless," he said; "the race goes on, ever improving. Those were foolish fears of the men of the dark ages, now almost prehistoric, when this state was founded, this institution established. The social order has changed. What they called revolution, and vainly fought, has proved evolution. We have come together, on this twelve hundredth anniversary, under these ancient stone arches, less to celebrate the past than to plan for the new conquests of nature. Whispers have gone forth to the world that in our chemical laboratory strange discoveries have been made. These discoveries we give to you today, whether for human happiness or human misery will depend upon yourselves."

The audience listened with some bewilderment. In that great hall, with its arches of weather beaten stone, more than 40,000 people were assembled, but delicate electrical machinery made the speaker's voice audible and the speaker's face clearly visible to every one in the building, and even to the thousands who sat beneath the stately oaks outside.

What was this new discovery? Would it make life better worth living? Would it give a man longer life? At least it was evident that the discovery was one of thrilling importance in the mind of the president. He spoke with the utmost earnestness "For more than 100 years this university has held as a sacred trust a group of scientific discoveries made by one of its students. He wrote his formulas down and sealed them for this twelve hundredth anniversary. Three days before its celebration the faculty of this university was to assemble, break the seals, test the formulas and decide whether to reveal the secrets or to destroy them forever. We met; we have decided; we create a new professorship, more important, perhaps, than any other in existence on the face of the earth. We have chosen a lineal descendant of the discoverer of this group of secrets, Professor Lemuel Jones Carey, and, going back to one of the almost forgotten writers of the Nineteenth century, we name his chair the chair of 'The Ethics of Dust.'"

A ripple of half annoyed amusement ran over the audience. Was that all? Only another of those interminable modern subdivisions of biology, or psychology, or both?

But the president went on: "Professor Carey was on the right track when this event occurred. It is remarkable that all his investigations have fitted him to utilize and develop this group of new facts. Without him the Ethics of Dust would have had to wait fifty years for an interpreter. With him you can catch a glimpse of its scope today. It is nothing that you imagine. It is not long life; it is not money, or happiness, except incidentally. But, perhaps, it means all the things which any of you, or all of you, have ever dreamed about." And the president sat down. The wall at the back of the stage opened and revealed a laboratory, strange even to the eyes of chemists there. Professor Carey came foward, and set a curious microscope on the stand. Then he looked over the audience and spoke of the great subject.

"What we have done is to conquer the ultimate atom, and discover whether it is healthy or not. If it is diseased, it will produce disease—mental, moral or physical, as the case may be. Every one of us has diseased atoms in his system. That is what makes us die too soon; sometimes that is what makes us do wrong. When we find the diseased atom, we cannot destroy it. Nothing can. But we can now isolate it so that it can do no harm—at least, not for ages to come, perhaps never again. We can force each atom—each dust mote which floats about the world—to tell its story; can discover where it has been, and what it has done, and whether it is helpful or hurtful. Since the number of atoms in the atmosphere of the earth is now definitely ascertained, it only remains for the human race to isolate from further evil the diseased atoms as fast as possible. Then, a few centuries from now, only healthy atoms will remain. This, as I need not explain to you, must mean perfect health, and a great many other things which the newspapers will tell you about."

A great hush fell on the audience, as they understood this stupendous claim. Then murmurs and cries began to break forth, as people suddenly spoke to each other, forgetting all else in the presence of the fact. The ultimate atom had been conquered. That was what science and theology for thousands of years had said could never be done. Did it mean wiping out the secret sins, taking away the daily temptation from each one? A woman, rich, beautiful, fashionable, rose in the audience and reached out her hands to Professor Carey. "Take away my selfishness!" she cried. A man in the prime of life, famous over the continent, rose and called with deep voice of passion, "Take away that which once made me false to my oath!" The professor reached his hands out, and said in a tone which stilled the tempest:

"I cannot. No one can. You live and die in the race. If the atoms which work you evil come to me, I will bind them fast. I cannot draw them from you. Cast them out so that humanity may put them in chains. Help others to cast them out. Help me in my work. It is atom by atom that we rebuild the human temple."

The man and the woman sank back in their places and a great pent up sigh swept over the audience, but no one spoke again.

The professor went on: "All things tell their secrets at last. Every mote of dust has its story, from the pollen dust of the wild rose on the slopes of Chimborazo to the star dust left but yesterday in our atmosphere by the great comet Hierophanta. Here, in this room, there is dust from the ruins of ancient London, earthquake-swallowed five centuries ago. Out of the caves of the giant cave bear of Europe, out of the castles of robber barons on the Rhine, out of the depths of the ocean and the heart of the earth, these dust motes come in our midst, after myriad wanderings, and our science can now reveal the story of each one of them all."

The professor bent, and looked through his microscope. "There is a flake of dust here," he said, "which we will examine. It floated on the plate just now while I was speaking." He threw a magnified reflection on a screen, till the flake of dust seemed a hundred feet across; he dropped chemicals upon it and winnowed everything from the center. There was the atom at last; all the rest that it had drawn to itself had disappeared.

Again the professor spoke: "It is evil, and yet you shall see it." On the screen fell the reflection of a vast drop of blood, and in the heart of the drop was a picture of strife on a desert edge, near a palm by an altar, and a clock struck the centuries backward in the ears of the audience, till they knew that the blood was the first drop of blood ever shed in the world from man by his fellow man.

"It is an atom," said the professor, "that makes disease wherever it goes. Now it shall wander forth no longer." He put it into one of his vials and fastened it up. Then he went on with dust mote after dust mote from the air about him, and showed the audience pictures of the heart atoms of each, which thrilled and convinced every man and woman there. The assembly laughed and cried. They yielded to his mighty spell; they accepted the stupendous secret. The ultimate atom was no more a profound mystery, but a creature to be captured, named, analyzed and imprisoned by star eyed science.

Then the professor was asked to cast the magnified reflection of an atom on the screen without first examining it himself. He looked at the audience again with that indescribably sad expression.

"Not yet; perhaps never," he said; "I see more than I am able to tell you, more than any man, with the heart of a man, could describe. I read your hearts. I know your thoughts, I see the record of your sins as I look upon these atoms which float in your atmosphere. Now my only happiness is that each one of the diseased atoms I can bind, by so much I lessen the folly, the falsehood, the evil of all sorts that fills every atmosphere, even here, even now. It is our heritage, the sad heritage of the whole human race, through ages of wretchedness and crime. I will only show you what you can bear; the rest I will carry alone." He closed his laboratory and left the stage.

The audience rose with a great sigh and went out; some few were rejoicing, but most were oppressed with the vast and mysterious forces thus newly given to the human race.

The professor, wrapped in a profound sadness, sat alone in his study; and here the president of the university found him some hours later, with his head on his desk—dead. He had written on a piece of paper:

"After all, I think we were too ambitious. The atoms will make all of us enemies to each other. My old heart disease is coming back, but to-morrow I shall ask the faculty to wait another fifty years."—Charles Howard Shinn in The Argonaut.

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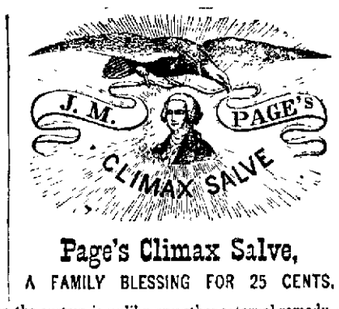

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